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MARY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Again the bright and joyous Spring
Is passing o'er the earth,
And at her call the woodlands ring
With melody and mirth.
Her music gushes from the stream
And lingers in the bough,
And Nature seems a fairy dream—
But, Mary, where art thou?

The flowers that faded from our sight
In Autumn's chilling gale,
Again like earthly stars are bright
On hill and plain and vale.
The violet thy dear fingers nursed
Lifts up its timid brow,
And rose and lily bloom as erst—
But, Mary, where art thou?

The many glories of the Spring,
Its music and its flowers,
Back on my sadden'd spirit bring
The thoughts of perished hours.
The joy that had its source in thee
Seems stealing o'er me now—
Alas! 'tis all a mockery—
Sweet Mary, where art thou?

Oh bright ones still, though thou art fled,
Around my pathway shine,
With eyes as blue and lips as red,
And cheeks as fair as thine;
And still to these mid mirth and song
Proud men in worship bow—
Alas! I cannot join the throng—
Dear Mary, where art thou?

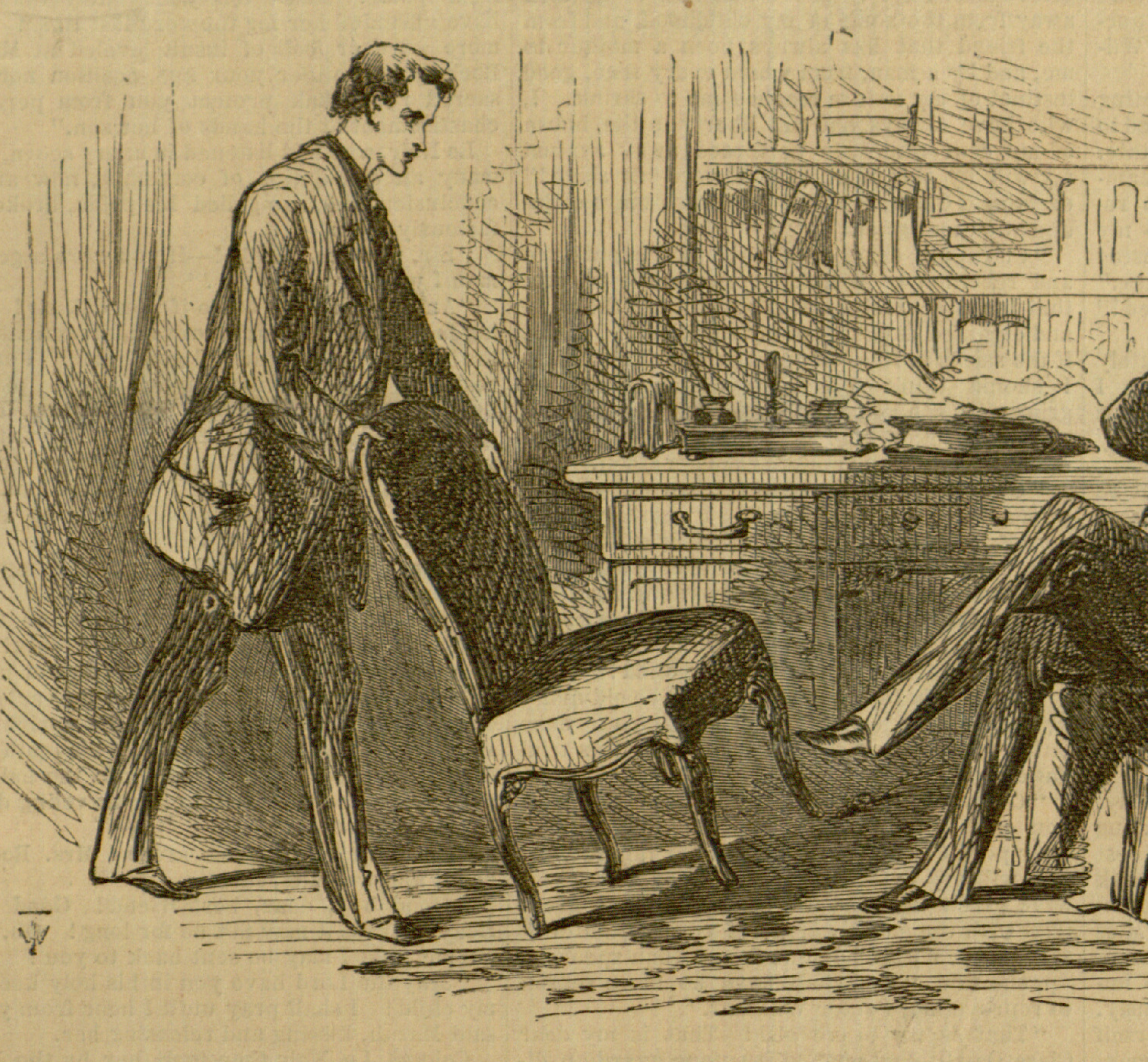
Oft-times in solitude afar,
Where sin and strife are not,
I look on every lovely star
To seek thy dwelling spot;
Oh! many round the midnight throne
Are burning brightly now,
But I would gaze on thine alone—
Dear Mary, where art thou?

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1859, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]


A. BOBBETT. SC.

TRAVERSE AND CLARA'S GUARDIAN.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ORPHAN.

> "Let me die, father! I fear, I fear
> To fall in earth's terrible strife!"
> "Not so, my child, for the crown must be won
> In the battle-field of life." LIFE AND DEATH.

"He has gone to sleep again," said Clara, with a sigh of relief.

"He has gone to Heaven, my child," said Marah Rocke, softly.

The orphan started, gazed wildly on the face of the dead, turned ghastly pale, and with a low moan and suffocating sob, fell fainting into the motherly arms of Mrs. Rocke.

Marah beckoned Traverse, who lifted the insensible girl tenderly in his arms, and preceded by his mother, bore her to her chamber and laid her upon the bed.

Then Marah dismissed Traverse to attend to the duties owed to the remains of the beloved departed, while she herself staid with Clara, using every means for her restoration.

Clara opened her eyes at length, but in reviving to life also returned to grief. Dreadful to witness was the sorrow of the orphan girl. She had controlled her grief in the presence of her father, and while he lingered in life, only to give way now to its overwhelming force. Marah remained with her, holding her in her arms, weeping with her, praying for her, doing all that the most tender mother could do to soothe, console and strengthen the bleeding young heart.

The funeral of Doctor Day took place the third day from his decease, and was attended by all the gentry of the neighboring town and the county, in their own carriages, and by crowds who came on foot to pay the last tribute of respect to their beloved friend.

He was interred in the family burial ground, situated on a wooded hill up behind the homestead, and at the head of his last resting-place was afterwards erected a plain obelisk of white marble, with his name and the date of his birth and death, and the following inscription:

"HE IS NOT HERE, BUT IS RISEN."

"When dear Clara comes to weep at her father's grave, these words will send her away comforted, and with her faith renewed," had been Traverse Rocke's secret thought, when giving directions for the inscription of this inspiring text.

On the morning of the day succeeding the funeral, while Clara, exhausted by the violence of her grief, lay prostrate upon her chamber couch, Mrs. Rocke and Traverse sat conversing in that once pleasant, now desolate, morning reading room.

"You know, dear mother, that by the doctor's desire, which should be considered sacred, Clara is still to live here, and you are to remain to take care of her. I shall defer my journey West, until everything is settled to Clara's satisfaction, and she has in some degree recovered her equanimity. I must also have an interview and a good understanding with her guardian, for whom I have a message."

"Who *is* this guardian of whom I have heard you speak more than once, Traverse?" asked Marah.

"Dear mother, will you believe me that I have forgotten the man's name; it was an uncommon name that I never heard before in my life, and, in the pressure of grief upon my mind, its exact identity escaped my memory; but that does not signify much, as he is expected hourly; and when he announces himself, either by card or word of mouth, I shall know, for I shall recognize the name the moment I see it written or hear it spoken.—Let me see—it was something like Des Moines, De Vaugn, De Saule—or something of that sort! At all events, I'm sure I shall know it again the instant I see or hear it! And now, dear mother, I must ride up to Staunton to see some of the doctor's poor sick, that he left in my charge for as long as I stay here. I shall be back by three o'clock. I need not ask you to take great care of that dear suffering girl up stairs," said Traverse, taking his hat and gloves for a ride.

"I shall go and stay with her as soon as she awakes," answered Mrs. Rocke.

And Traverse, satisfied, went his way.

He had been gone perhaps an hour, when the sound of a carriage was heard below in the front of the house, followed soon by a loud rapping at the hall door.

"It is dear Clara's guardian," said Marah Rocke, rising and listening.

Soon a servant entered and placed a card in her hand, saying—

"The gentleman is waiting in the hall below, and asked to see the person that was in charge here, ma'am. So I fotch the card to *you*."

"You did right, John. Show the gentleman up here," said Marah; and as soon as the servant had gone she looked at the card, but failed to make it out. The name was engraved in Old English text, and in such a complete labyrinth, thicket and network of ornate flourishes, that no one who was not familiar at once with the name and the style could possibly have distinguished it.

"I do not think my boy would know *this* name at sight!" was Marah's thought, as she twirled the card in her hand, and stood waiting the entrance of the visitor, whose step was now heard coming up the stairs. Soon the door was thrown open, and the stranger entered.

Marah, habitually shy in the presence of strangers, dropped her eyes before she had fairly taken in the figure of a tall, handsome, dark complexioned, distinguished looking man somewhat past middle age, and arrayed in a rich military cloak, and carrying in his hand a military cap.

The servant who admitted him had scarcely retired, when Marah looked up, and her eyes and those of the stranger met—and—

"MARAH ROCKE!!"

"COLONEL LE NOIR!!!"

Burst simultaneously from the lips of each.

Le Noir first recovered himself, and holding out both hands, advanced towards her with a smile as if to greet an old friend.

But Marah, shrinking from him in horror, turned and tottered to the farthest window, where leaning her head against the sash, she moaned—

"Oh, my heart! my heart! is *this* the wolf to whom my lamb must be committed!"

As she moaned these words, she was aware of a soft step at her side and a low voice murmuring—

"Marah Rocke, yes! the same beautiful Marah, that as a girl of fifteen, twenty years ago, turned my head, led me by her fatal charms into the very jaws of death! the same lovely Marah with her beauty only ripened by time and exalted by sorrow!"

With one surprised, indignant look, but without a word of reply, Mrs. Rocke turned and walked composedly towards the door with the intention of quitting the room.

Colonel Le Noir saw and forestalled her purpose by springing forward, turning the key, and standing before the door.

"Forgive me, Marah, but I must have a word with you before we part," he said, in those soft, sweet, persuasive tones he knew so well how to assume.

Marah remembered that she was an honorable matron and an honored mother, that as such, fears and tremors and self distrust in the presence of a villain, would not well become her; so calling up all the gentle dignity latent in her nature, she resumed her seat, and signing to the visitor to follow her example, she said, composedly—

"Speak on, Colonel Le Noir,—remembering, if you please, to *whom* you speak."

"I *do* remember, Marah! rember but too well!"

"They call me Mrs. Rocke who converse with me, sir."

"Marah, why this resentment? Is it possible that you can *still* be angry? Have I remained true to my attachment *all these years*, and sought you *throughout the world* to find this reception at last?"

"Colonel Le Noir, if this is all you had to say, it was scarcely worth while to have detained me," said Mrs. R[illegible] calmly.

"But it is *now* a[illegible]y Marah! Yes, *I call you mine* by virtue of the strongest attachment man ever felt for woman! Marah Rocke, you were the only woman who ever inspired me with a feeling worthy to be called a passion——"

"——Colonel Le Noir, how dare you blaspheme this house of mourning by such sinful words! You forget where you stand and to whom you speak."

"I forget nothing, Marah Rocke; nor do I violate this sanctuary of sorrow,"—here he sunk his voice below his usual low tones—"when I speak of the passion that maddened my youth and withered my manhood—a passion whose intensity was its excuse for all extravagances and whose enduring constancy is its final, full justification!"

Before he had finished this sentence Marah Rocke had calmly arisen and pulled the bell rope.

"What mean you by that, Marah?" he inquired.

Before she replied a servant, in answer to the bell, came to the door and tried the latch, and finding it locked, rapped.

With a blush that mounted to his forehead, and with a half-suppressed imprecation, Colonel Le Noir went and unlocked the door and admitted the man.

"John," said Mrs. Rocke, quietly, "show Colonel Le Noir to the apartment prepared for him, and wait his orders." And with a slight nod to the guest, she went calmly from the room.

Colonel Le Noir, unmindful of the presence of the servant, stood gazing in angry mortification after her. The flush on his brow had given way to the fearful pallor of rage or hate, as he muttered inaudibly—

"Insolent beggar! contradiction always confirms my half-formed resolutions; years ago I swore to possess that woman, and I will do it, if it be only to keep my oath and humble her insolence! She is *very* handsome still; she shall be my slave!"

Then, perceiving the presence of John, he said—

"Lead the way to my room, sirrah! and then go and order my fellow to bring up my portmanteau."

John devoutly pulled his forelock as he bowed low, and then went on, followed by Colonel Le Noir.

Marah Rocke meanwhile had gained the privacy of her own chamber, where all her firmness deserted her.

Throwing herself into a chair, she clasped her hands and sat with blanched face and staring eyes, like a marble statue of despair.

"Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do while this miscreant remains here?—this villain whose very presence desecrates the roof and dishonors me? I would instantly leave the house but that I must not abandon poor Clara!

"I cannot claim the protection of Traverse, for I would not provoke him to wrath, or run him into danger; nor indeed would I even permit my son to dream such a thing possible as that his mother could receive insult!

"Nor can I warn Clara of the unprincipled character of her guardian, for if she knew him as he is, she would surely treat him in such a way as to get his enmity—his dangerous, fatal enmity!—doubly fatal since her person and property are legally at his disposal! Oh, my dove! my dove! that you should be in the power of this vulture! What shall I do, oh, Heaven?"

Marah dropped on her knees and finished her soliloquy with prayer. Then, feeling composed and strengthened, she went to Clara's room.

She found the poor girl lying awake and quietly weeping.

"Your guardian has arrived, love," she said, sitting down beside the bed and taking Clara's hand.

"Oh, must I get up and dress to see a stranger?" sighed Clara, wearily.

"No, love, you need not stir until it is time to dress for dinner; it will answer quite well if you meet your guardian at table," said Marah, who had particular reasons for wishing that Clara should first see Colonel Le Noir with other company, to have an opportunity of observing him well and possibly forming an estimate of his character (as a young girl of her fine instincts might well do) before she should be exposed in a *tete-a-tete* to those deceptive blandishments he knew so well how to bring into play.

"That is a respite! Oh, dear Mrs. Rocke, you don't know how I dread to see any one!"

"My dear Clara, you must combat grief by prayer, which is the only thing that can overcome it," said Marah.

Mrs. Rocke remained with her young charge as long as she possibly could, and then she went down stairs to oversee the preparation of the dinner.

And it was at the dinner table that Marah, with the quiet and gentle dignity for which she was distinguished, introduced the younger members of the family to the guest, in these words—

"Your ward, Miss Day, Colonel Le Noir."

The colonel bowed deeply, and raised the hand of Clara to his lips, murmuring some sweet, soft, silvery and deferentially inaudible words of condolence, sympathy, and melancholy pleasure, from which Clara, with a gentle bend of her head, withdrew to take her seat.

"Colonel Le Noir, my son, Doctor Rocke," said Marah, presenting Traverse.

The colonel stared superciliously, bowed with ironical depth, said he was "much honored," and turning his back on the young man, placed himself at the table.

During the dinner, he exerted himself to be agreeable to Miss Day and Mrs. Rocke, but Traverse he affected to treat with supercilious neglect, or ironical deference.

Our young physician had too much self-respect to permit himself to be in any degree affected by this rudeness. And Marah, on her part, was glad, so that it did not trouble Traverse, that Le Noir should behave in this manner, so that Clara should be enabled to form some correct idea of his disposition.

When dinner was over, Clara excused herself and retired to her room, whither she was soon followed by Mrs. Rocke.

"Well, my dear, how do you like your guardian?" asked Marah, in a tone as indifferent as she could make it.

"I do not like him at all!" exclaimed Clara, her gentle blue eyes flashing with indignation through their tears; "I do not like him at all, the scornful, arrogant, supercilious——Oh! I do not wish to use such strong language, or to grow angry when I am in such deep grief; but my dear father *could not* have known this man, or he *never would* have chosen him for my guardian! *do* you think he would, Mrs. Rocke?"

"My dear, your excellent father must have thought well of him, or he never would have intrusted him with so precious a charge. Whether your father's confidence in this man will be justified as far as *you* are concerned, time will show. Meanwhile, my love, as the guardian appointed by your father, you should treat him with respect; but so far as *reposing any trust in him goes, consult your own instincts!*"

"I shall! and I thank heaven that I have not got to go and live with Colonel Le Noir!" said Clara, fervently.

Mrs. Rocke sighed. She remembered that the arrangement that permitted Clara to live at her own home with her chosen friends was but a verbal one, not binding upon the guardian and executor, unless he chose to consider it so.

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a message from Colonel Le Noir, expressing a hope that Miss Day felt better from her afternoon's repose, and desiring the favor of her company in the library.

Clara returned an answer pleading indisposition, and begging upon that account to be excused.

At tea, however, the whole family met again. As before, Colonel Le Noir exerted himself to please the ladies, and treated the young man with marked neglect. This conduct offended Miss Day to such a degree that she, being a girl of truth in every thought, word and deed, could only exhibit towards the guest the most freezing politeness that was consistent with her position as hostess, and she longed for the time to come that should deliver their peaceful home and loving little circle from the unwelcome presence of this arrogant intruder.

"How can he imagine that I can be pleased with his deference and courtesy and elaborate compliments, when he permits himself to be so rude to Traverse?—I hope Traverse will tell him of our engagement, which will, perhaps, suggest to him the propriety of reforming his manners, while he remains under a roof of which Traverse is the destined master!" said Clara to herself, as she arose from the table, and with a cold bow, turned to retire from the room.

"And will not my fair ward give me a few hours of her company, this evening?" inquired Colonel Le Noir, in an insinuating voice, as he took and pressed the hand of the doctor's orphan daughter.

"Excuse me, sir; but except at meal times, I have not left my room since"—here her voice broke down—she could not speak to him of her bereavement, or give way in his presence to her holy sorrow. "Besides, sir," she added, "Doctor Rocke, I know, has expressed to you his desire for an early interview."

"My fair young friend, *Doctor Rocke*, as you style the young man, will please to be so condescending as to tarry the leisure of his most humble servant," replied the colonel, with an ironical bow in the direction of Traverse.

"Perhaps, sir, when you know that Doctor Rocke is charged with the last uttered will of my dear father, and that it is of more importance than you are prepared to anticipate, you may be willing to favor *us all* by granting this 'young man' an early audience," said Clara.

"The last uttered will! I had supposed that the will of my late brother-in-law was regularly drawn up and executed and in the hands of his confidential attorney at Staunton."

"Yes, sir, so it is; but I refer to my father's last dying wishes, his verbal directions entrusted to his confidential friend, Doctor Rocke," said Clara.

"Last *verbal* directions, entrusted to *Doctor Rocke*. Humph! humph! this would require corrobborative evidence," said the colonel.

"Such corrobborative evidence can be had, sir," said Clara, coldly, and as I know that Doctor Rocke has already requested an interview for the sake of an explanation of these subjects, I must also join my own request to his, and assure you that by giving him an early opportunity of coming to an understanding with you, you will greatly oblige me."

"Then, undoubtedly, my sweet young friend, your wishes shall be commands——Eh! you—sir! Doctor—What's-your-name! meet me in the library at ten o'clock to-morrow morning," said Le Noir, insolently.

"I have engagements, sir, that will occupy me between the hours of ten and three—before or after that period I am at your disposal," said Traverse, coldly.

"Pardieu! It seems to me that *I* am placed at *yours!*" replied the colonel, lifting his eyebrows—"but as I am so placed by the orders of my fair little tyrant here, so be it!—at nine to-morrow I am your most obedient servant!"

"At nine then, sir, I shall attend you," said Traverse, with a cold bow.

Clara slightly curtsied and withdrew from the room, attended by Mrs. Rocke.

Traverse, as the only representative of host, remained for a short time with his uncourteous guest, who, totally regardless of his presence, threw himself into an arm chair, lighted a cigar, took up a book and smoked and read.

Whereupon Traverse, seeing this, withdrew to the library to employ himself with finishing the arranging and tying up of certain papers left to his charge by Doctor Day.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE ORPHAN'S TRIAL.

> "We met ere yet the world had come
> To wither up the springs of youth,
> Amid the holy joys of home,
> And in the first warm blush of youth.
> We parted as they never part,
> Whose tears are doomed to be forgot;
> Oh, by what agony of heart,
> Forget me not!—forget me not!" ANONYMOUS.

At nine o'clock the next morning Traverse went to the library to keep his tryst with Colonel Le Noir.

Seated in the doctor's leathern chair, with his head thrown back, his nose erect, and his white and jeweled hand caressing his mustachoed chin, the colonel awaited the young man's communication.

With a slight bow, Traverse took a chair and drew it up to the table, seated himself, and after a little hesitation, commenced, and in a modest and self-respectful manner announced that he was charged with the last verbal instructions from the doctor to the executor of his will.

Colonel Le Noir left off caressing his chin for an instant, and with a waive of his dainty hand, silently intimated that the young man should proceed.

Traverse then began and delivered the dying directions of the late doctor, to the effect that his daughter Clara Day should not be removed from her paternal mansion, but that she should be suffered to remain there, retaining as a matronly companion, her old friend Mrs. Marah Rocke.

"Umm! umm! very ingenious, upon my word," commented the colonel, still caressing his chin.

"I have now delivered my whole message, sir, and have only to add that I hope, for Miss Day's sake, there will be no difficulty thrown in the way of the execution of her father's last wishes, which are also, sir, very decidedly her own," said Traverse.

"Umm—doubtless they are—and also *yours* and your worthy *mother's*."

"Sir, Miss Day's will in this matter is certainly *mine*. Apart from the consideration of *her* pleasure, *my* wishes need not be consulted.

As soon as I have seen Miss Day made comfortable, I leave for the far west," said Traverse, with much dignity.

"Umm—and leave mamma here to guard the golden prize until your return, eh?" sneered the colonel.

"Sir, I do not——*wish* to understand you," said Traverse with a flushed brow.

"Possibly not, my excellent young friend," said the colonel, ironically; then rising from his chair and elevating his voice he cried—"But *I*, sir, understand *you* and your *mother* and your pretty *scheme* perfectly! Very ingenious invention these 'last verbal instructions.' Very pretty plan to *entrap an heiress;* but it shall not avail you—adventurers that you are!—This afternoon, Sauter, the confidential attorney of my late brother-in-law, will be here with the will, which shall be read in the presence of the assembled household. If these last verbal directions are also to be found duplicated in the *will*, very good! they shall be obeyed!—if *not*, they shall be *discredited*."

During this speech, Traverse stood with kindling eyes and blazing cheeks, scarcely able to master his indignation; yet, to his credit be it spoken, he did 'rule his own spirit' and reply with dignity and calmness.

"Colonel Le Noir, my testimony in regard to the last wishes of Doctor Day can, if necessary, be supported by other evidence—though I do not believe that *any* man who did not *himself* act in habitual disregard of truth, would wantonly question the veracity of *another*."

"SIR!—this to me!" exclaimed Le Noir, growing white with rage, and making a step towards the young man.

"Yes, Colonel Le Noir, *that to you!* and *this in addition:*—You have presumed to charge my mother (in connection with myself) with being an adventuress! with forming dishonorable 'schemes!' and in so charging her, Colonel Le Noir, you utter a *falsehood*."

"SIRRAH!" cried Le Noir, striding towards Traverse and raising his hand over his head—with a fearful oath—"retract your words or——"

Traverse calmly drew himself up, folded his arms, and replied coolly—

"I am no *brawler*, Colonel Le Noir; the pistol and the bowie-knife are as strange to my hands as abusive epithets and profane language are to my lips; nevertheless, instead of retracting my words, I repeat and reiterate them. If you charge my mother with conspiracy, you utter a *falsehood*. As her son, I am in duty bound to say as much."

"VILLAIN!" gasped Le Noir, shaking his fist and choking with rage; "VILLAIN! you shall repent this in every vein of your body!"

Then seizing his hat he strode from the room.

"Boaster!" said Traverse to himself, as he also left the library by another door.

Clara was waiting for him in the little parlor below.

"Well, well, dear Traverse?" she said, as he entered. "You have had the explanation with my guardian, and—he makes no objection to carrying out the last directions of my father, and our own wishes?—he is willing to leave me here?"

"My dear girl, Colonel Le Noir defers all decision until the reading of the will, which is to take place this afternoon," said Traverse, unwilling to add to her distress by recounting the disgraceful scene that had just taken place in the library.

"Oh! these delays! these delays! Heaven give me patience! Yet I do not know why I should be so uneasy! It is only a form! Of course he will regard my father's wishes."

"I do not see well how he can avoid doing so, especially as Doctor Williams is another witness to them, and I shall request the doctor's attendance here this afternoon. Dear Clara, keep up your spirits! A few hours, now, and all will be well," said Traverse, as he drew on his gloves and took his hat to go on his morning round of calls.

An early dinner was ordered, for the purpose of giving ample time in the afternoon for the reading of the will.

Owing to the kindly forbearance of each member of this little family, their meeting with their guest at the table was not so awkward as it might have been rendered. Mrs. Rocke had concealed the insults that had been offered her, Traverse had said nothing of the affronts put upon him. So that each, having only their own private injuries to resent, felt free in forbearing. Nothing but this sort of prudence on the part of individuals rendered their meeting around one board possible.

While they were still at the table, the attorney, Mr. Sauter, with Doctors Williams and Dawson arrived, and was shown into the library.

And very soon after the dessert was put upon the table, the family left it, and, accompanied by Colonel Le Noir, adjourned to the library. After the usual salutations, they arranged themselves along each side of an extension table, at the head of which the attorney placed himself.

In the midst of a profound silence the will was opened and read. It was dated three years before.

The bulk of his estate, after the paying a few legacies, was left to his esteemed brother-in-law, Gabriel Le Noir, in trust for his only daughter, Clara Day, until the latter should attain the age of twenty-one, at which period she was to come into possession of the property. Then followed the distribution of the legacies. Among the rest the sum of a thousand dollars left to his young friend, Traverse Rocke, and another thousand to his esteemed neighbor, Marah Rocke. Gabriel Le Noir was appointed sole executor of the will, trustee of the property, and guardian of the heiress.

At the conclusion of the reading Mr. Sauter folded the document and laid it upon the table.

Colonel Le Noir arose and said—

"The will of the late Doctor Day has been read in your presence. I presume you all heard it, and that there can be no mistake as to its purport. All that remains now is to act upon it. I shall claim the usual privilege of twelve months before administering upon the estate or paying the legacies. In the meantime, I shall assume the charge of my ward's person, and convey her to my own residence, known as the Hidden House. Mrs. Rocke," he said, turning towards the latter, "your presence and that of your young charge is no longer required here. Be so good as to prepare Miss Day's traveling trunks, as we set out from this place to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Rocke started, looked wistfully in the face of the speaker, and seeing that he was in determined earnest, turned her appealing glances toward Traverse and Doctor Williams.

As for Clara, her face, previously blanched with grief, was now flushed with indignation. In her sudden distress and perplexity, she knew not at once what to do. Whether to utter a protest or continue silent—whether to leave the room or remain. Her embarrassment was relieved by Traverse, who, stooping, whispered to her—

"Be calm, love! all shall be well! Doctor Williams is about to speak."

And at that moment indeed Doctor Williams arose and said—

"I have, Colonel Le Noir, to endorse a dying message from Doctor Day, entrusted to my young friend here to be delivered to you, to the effect that it was his last desire and request that his daughter, Miss Clara Day, should be permitted to reside during the term of her minority in this her patrimonial home, under the care of her present matronly friend, Mrs. Marah Rocke. Doctor Rocke and myself are here to bear testimony to these, the last wishes of the departed—which wishes, I believe, also express the desires of his heiress."

"Oh, yes! yes!" said Clara, earnestly. "I do very much desire to remain in my own home among my old familiar friends. My dear father only consulted my comfort and happiness when he left these instructions."

"There can be, therefore, no reason why Miss Day should be disturbed in her present home," said Traverse.

Colonel Le Noir smiled grimly, saying—

"I am sorry, Doctor Williams, to differ with you, or to distress Miss Day! But if, as she says, her lamented father consulted her pleasure, in those last instructions, he certainly consulted nothing *else*—not the proprieties of conventionalism, the opinion of the world, nor the future welfare of his daughter. Therefore, as a man of Doctor Day's high position and character, in his sane moments, never could have made such a singular arrangement, I am forced to the conclusion that he could not, at the time of giving those instructions, have been in his right mind. Consequently, I cannot venture to act upon any 'verbal instructions,' however well attested, but shall be guided in every respect by the will, executed while yet the testator was in sound body and mind."

"Doctor Rocke and myself are both physicians competent to certify that, at the time of leaving these directions, our respected friend was perfectly sound in mind at least," said Doctor Williams.

"That, sir, I repeat, I contest. And acting upon the authority of the will, I shall proceed to take charge of my ward as well as of her estate. And as I think this house, under all the circumstances, a very improper place for her to remain, I shall convey her without delay to my own home——Mrs. Rocke, I believe I requested you to see to the packing of Miss Day's trunks."

"Oh, heaven, shall this wrong be permitted?" ejaculated Marah.

"Mrs. Rocke, I will not go unless absolutely forced to do so by a decree of the court! I shall get Doctor Williams to make an appeal for me to the Orphan's Court," said Clara, by way of encouraging her friend.

"My dear Miss Day, that, I hope, will not be required. Colonel Le Noir acts under a misapprehension of the circumstances. We must enter into more explanations with him. In the meantime, my dear young lady, it is better that you should obey him, for the present, at least so far as retiring from the room," said Doctor Williams.

Clara immediately arose, and requesting Mrs. Rocke to accompany her, withdrew from the library.

Doctor Williams then said—

"I advise the retirement of the young lady, having a communication to make, the hearing of which in a mixed company, might have cost her an innocent blush. But first I would ask you, Colonel Le Noir—what are those circumstances to which you allude which render Miss Day's residence here, in her patrimonial mansion, with her old and faithful friends, so improper?" inquired Doctor Williams, courteously.

"The growing intimacy, sir, between herself and a very objectionable party—this young man, Rocke!" replied Colonel Le Noir.

"Ah! and is that all?"

"It is enough, sir!" said Colonel Le Noir, loftily.

"Then, suppose I should inform you, sir, that this young man, Doctor Rocke, was brought up and educated at Doctor Day's cost, and under his own immediate eye?"

"Then, sir, you would only inform me that an eccentric gentleman of fortune had done—what eccentric gentlemen of fortune *will* sometimes do—educated a pauper."

At this opprobious epithet, Traverse, with a flushed face started to his feet.

"Sit down, my boy, sit down; leave me to deal with this man," said Doctor Williams, forcing Traverse back into his seat. Then turning to Colonel Le Noir, he said—

"But, suppose, sir, that such was the estimation in which Doctor Day held the moral and intellectual worth of his young protégé, that he actually gave him his daughter?"

"I can not suppose an impossibility, Doctor Williams," replied Colonel Le Noir, haughtily.

"Then, sir, I have the pleasure of startling you a little by a prodigy, that you denominate and impossibility! Clara Day and Traverse Rocke were betrothed with full knowledge and cordial approbation of the young lady's father!"

"Impossible! preposterous! I shall countenance no such ridiculous absurdity!" said Colonel Le Noir, growing red in the face.

"Miss Day, Doctor Rocke, Mrs. Rocke, and myself are witnesses to that fact."

"The young lady and the young man are parties immediately concerned—they cannot be received as witnesses in their own case; Mrs. Rocke is too much in their interest for her evidence to be taken; you, sir, I consider the dupe of these cunning conspirators—mother and son," replied Colonel Le Noir, firmly.

"Tut!" said Doctor Williams, almost out of patience, "I do not depend upon the words of Miss Day and her friends, although I hold their veracity to be above question; I had Doctor Day's dying words to the same effect. And he mentioned the existing betrothal as the very reason why Clara should remain here in the care of her future mother-in-law."

"Then, sir, that the doctor should have spoken and acted *thus*, is only another and a stronger reason for believing him to have been deranged in his last moments! You need give yourself no farther trouble! I shall act upon the authority of this instrument which I hold in my hand," replied Colonel Le Noir, haughtily.

"Then, as the depository of the dying man's last wishes and as the next friend of his injured daughter, I shall make an appeal to the orphan's court," said Doctor Williams, coldly.

"You can do as you please about that; but in the meanwhile, acting upon the authority of the will, I shall to-morrow morning set out with my ward for my own home."

"There may be time to arrest that journey," said Doctor Williams, arising and taking his hat to go.

In the passage he met Mrs. Rocke.

"Dear Doctor Williams," said Mrs. Rocke, earnestly, "pray come up to poor Clara's room, and speak to her, if you can possibly say anything to comfort her; she is weeping herself into a fit of illness at the bare thought of being, so soon after her dreadful bereavement, torn away from her home and friends."

"Tut! tut! no use in weeping! all will yet be right!"

"You have persuaded that man to permit her to remain here, then?" said Marah, gladly.

"Persuaded *him!* no, nor even undertaken to do so! I never saw him before to-day, yet I would venture to say, from what I have now seen of him, that he never was *persuaded* by any agent except his own passions and interests, to any act whatever. No, I have endeavored to show him that we have *law* as well as justice on our side, and even now I am afraid I shall have to take the case before the Orphans' Court before I can convince him. He purposes removing Clara to-morrow morning. I will endeavor to see the Judge of the Orphans' Court to-night, take out a habeas corpus, ordering Le Noir to bring his ward into court, and serve it on him as he passes through Staunton on his way home."

"But is there no way of preventing him from taking Clara away from the house to-morrow morning?"

"No *good* way. No, madam, it is best that all things should be done decently and in order. I advise you, as I shall also advise my young friends, Traverse and Clara, not to injure their own cause by unwise impatience or opposition. We should go before the Orphans' Court with the very best aspect."

"Come, then, and talk to Clara. She has the most painful antipathy to the man who claims the custody of her person, as well as the most distressing reluctance to leaving her dear home and friends; and all this, in addition to her recent heavy affliction, almost overwhelms the poor child," said Mrs. Rocke, weeping.

"I will go at once and do what I can to soothe her," said Doctor Williams, following Mrs. Rocke, who led him up to Clara's room.

They found her prostrate upon her bed, crushed with grief.

"Come, come, my dear girl, this is too bad! It is not like the usual noble fortitude of our Clara," said the old man, kindly taking her hand.

"Oh, Doctor, forgive—forgive me! but my courage must have been very small, for I fear it is all gone. But then, indeed, everything comes on me at once. My dear, dear father's death; then the approaching departure and expected long absence of Traverse! All that was grievous enough to bear; and now to be torn away from the home of my childhood, and from the friend that has always been a mother to me, and by a man, from whom every true, good instinct of my nature teaches me to shrink. I, who have always had full liberty in the house of my dear father, to be forced away against my will by this man, as if I were his slave!" exclaimed Clara, bursting into fresh tears of indignation and grief.

"Clara, my dear, dear girl! this impatience and rebellion is so unlike your gentle nature, that I can scarcely recognize you for the mild and dignified daughter of my old friend! Clara, if the saints in Heaven could grieve at anything, I should think your dear father would be grieved to see you thus!" said the old man in gentle rebuke, that immediately took effect upon the meek and conscientious maiden.

"Oh! I feel—I feel that I am doing very wrong, but I cannot help it. I scarcely know *myself* in this agony of mingled grief, indignation and terror, yes, *terror*, for every instinct of my nature teaches me to distrust and fear that man, in whom my father must have been greatly deceived before he could have intrusted him with the guardianship of his only child!"

"I think that quite likely," said the old man; "yet, my dear, even in respect to your dear father's memory, you must try to bear this trial patiently."

"Oh, yes! I know I must! Dear father, if you can look down and see me now, forgive your poor Clara, her anger and her impatience. She will try to be worthy of the rearing you have given her, and to bear even this great trial with the spirit worthy of your daughter!" said Clara, within her own heart, then speaking up, she said, "You shall have no more reason to reprove me, Doctor Williams."

"That is my brave girl! That is my dear Clara Day! And now, when your guardian directs you to prepare yourself for your journey, *obey him*—go with him without making any objection. I purpose to arrest your journey at Staunton with a *habeas corpus* that he dare not resist, and which shall compel him to bring you into the Orphans' Court! There our side shall be heard, and the decision will rest with the judge."

"And all will be well? [illegible] say that, sir! to give me the co[illegible]rage to [illegible] with becoming docility," pleaded Clara.

"I have not a doubt in this world that it *will* all be right! for however Colonel Le Noir may choose to disregard the last wishes of your father, as attested by myself and young Rocke, I have not the least idea that the judge will pass them over! On the contrary, I feel persuaded that he will confirm them by sending you back here to your beloved home."

"Oh, may heaven grant it," said Clara. "You do indeed give me new life!"

"Yes, yes, be cheerful, my dear; trust in Providence and expect nothing short of the best! And now I dare not tarry longer with you, for I must see the judge at his house this night! Good-by, my dear! keep up a good heart!" said the old man, cheerfully, pressing her hand and taking his leave.

Mrs. Rocke accompanied him to the hall-door.

"My dear madam, keep up *your* spirits also for the sake of your young charge! Make her go to bed early! To-morrow, when she thinks she is about to be torn from you forever, remind her in her ear that I shall meet the carriage at Staunton with a power that shall turn the horses' heads."

And so saying, the worthy old gentleman departed.

As Marah Rocke looked after him, she also saw with alarm that Colonel Le Noir had mounted his horse and galloped off in the direction of Staunton, as if impelled by the most urgent haste.

She returned to the bedside of Clara, and left her no more that night. As the colonel did not return to supper, they, the family party, had their tea in Clara's room.

Late at night Mrs. Rocke heard Colonel Le Noir come into the house and enter his chamber.

Poor Clara slept no more that night; anxiety, despite of all her efforts, kept her wide awake. Yet, though anxious and wakeful, yet by prayer and endeavor she had brought her mind into a patient and submissive mood, so that when a servant knocked at her door in the morning with a message from Colonel Le Noir that she should be ready to set forth immediately after breakfast, she replied that she should obey him, and without delay she arose and commenced her toilet.

All the family met for the last time around the board. The party was constrained. The meal was a gloomy one. On rising from the table Colonel Le Noir informed his ward that his traveling carriage was waiting, and that her baggage was already on, and requested her to put on her bonnet and mantle, and take leave of her servants.

Clara turned to obey—Traverse went to her side and whispered—

"Take courage, dear love; my horse is saddled; I shall ride in attendance upon the carriage whether that man likes it or not; nor lose sight of you for one moment until we meet Williams with his *habeas corpus*."

"Nor even then, dear Traverse! nor even then! You will attend me to the court and be ready to take me back to this dear, dear home!" murmured Clara in reply.

"Yes, yes, dear girl! there, be cheerful," whispered the young man, as he pressed her hand and released it.

Colonel Le Noir had been a silent but frowning spectator of this little scene, and now that Clara was leaving the room, attended by Mrs. Rocke, he called the latter back, saying—

"You will be so kind as to stop here a moment, Mrs. Rocke, and you also, young man."

The mother and son paused to hear what he should have to say.

"I believe it is the custom here in discharging domestics to give a month's warning, or in lieu of that, to pay a month's wages in advance. There, woman, is the money. You will oblige me by leaving the house to-day, together with your son and all your other trumpery—as the premises are put in charge of an agent, who will be here this afternoon, clothed with authority to eject all loiterers and intruders."

While the Colonel spoke, Marah Rocke gazed at him in a panic from which she seemed unable to rouse herself, until Traverse gravely took her hand, saying—

"My dear mother, let me conduct you from the presence of this man, who does not know how to behave himself towards women. Leave me to talk with him, and do you, dear mother, go to Miss Day, who I know is waiting for you."

Marah Rocke mechanically complied, and allowed Traverse to lead her from the room.

When he returned, he went up to Colonel Le Noir, and standing before him and looking him full and sternly in the face—said—as sternly—

"Colonel Le Noir, my mother will remain *here* and abide the decision of the Orphan's Court; until *that* has been pronounced, she does not *stir* at your or any man's bidding!"

"Villain! out of my way!" sneered Le Noir, endeavoring to pass him.

Traverse prevented him, saying—

"Sir, in consideration of your age, which should be venerable, your position which should prove you honorable, and of this sacred house of mourning in which you stand, I have endeavored to meet all the insults you have offered me with forbearance. But, sir, I am here to defend my mother's rights and to protect her from insult! And I tell you plainly that you have affronted her for the very last time! One more *word* or *look* of insult leveled at Marah Rocke, and neither your age, position nor this sacred roof, shall protect you from personal chastisement at the hands of her son."

Le Noir, who had listened in angry scorn, with many an ejaculation of contempt, now at the conclusion which so galled his pride, broke out furiously, with— .

"Sir, you are a bully!—If you were a gentleman I would *call you out!*"

"And I should not come if you did, sir! duelling is unchristian, barbarous and abominable in the sight of God and all good men. For the rest you may call me anything you please; but do not again insult my mother, for if you do, I shall hold it a christian duty to teach you better manners," said Traverse, coolly taking his hat and walking from the room. He mounted his horse and stood ready to attend Clara to Staunton.

Colonel Le Noir ground his teeth in impotent rage, muttering—

"Take care, young man! I shall live to be revenged upon you yet, for these affronts!" and his dastard heart burned with the fiercer malignity that he had not dared to meet the eagle eye, or encounter the strong arm of the upright and stalwart young man. Gnashing his teeth with ill suppressed fury, he strode into the hall just as Mrs. Rocke and Clara, in her traveling dress, descended the stairs.

Clara threw her arms around Mrs. Rocke's neck, and weeping, said—

"Good bye, dear, best friend! Good bye! Heaven grant it may not be for long! Oh, pray for me, that I may be sent back to you!"

"May the Lord have you in his holy keeping, my child! I shall pray until I hear from you!" said Marah, kissing and releasing her.

Colonel Le Noir then took her by the hand, led her out, and put her into the carriage.

Just before entering, Clara had turned to take a last look at her old home—all, friends and servants noticed the sorrowful, anxious, almost despairing look of her pale face, which seemed to ask—

"Ah, shall I ever, ever return to you, dear old home, and dear, familiar friends?"

In another instant she had disappeared within the carriage, which immediately rolled off.

As the carriage was heavily laden, and the road was in a very bad condition, it was a full hour before they reached the town of Staunton. As the carriage drew up for a few moments before the door of the principal hotel, and Colonel Le Noir was in the act of stepping out, a sheriff's officer, accompanied by Dr. Williams, approached, and served upon the colonel a writ of *habeas corpus*, commanding him to bring his ward, Clara Day, into court.

Colonel Le Noir laughed scornfully, saying—

"And do any of you imagine this will serve your purposes? Ha, ha! the most that it can do will be to delay my journey for a few hours, until the decision of the judge, which will only serve to confirm my authority beyond all future possibility of questioning."

"We will see that," said Doctor Williams.

"Drive to the court house!" ordered Colonel Le Noir.

And the carriage, attended by Traverse Rocke, Doctor Williams, and the sheriff's officer, each on horseback, drove thither.

And now, reader, I will not trouble you with a detailed account of this trial. Clara, clothed in deep mourning, and looking pale and terrified, was led into the court room on the arm of her guardian. She was followed closely by her friends, Traverse Rocke and Doctor Williams, each of whom whispered encouraging words to the orphan.

As the court had no pressing business on its hands, the case was immediately taken up, the will was read and attested by the attorney who had drawn it up, and the witnesses who had signed it. Then the evidence of Doctor Williams and Doctor Rocke was taken concerning the last verbal instructions of the deceased. The case occupied about three hours, at the end of which the judge gave a decision in favor of Colonel Le Noir.

This judgment carried consternation to the heart of Clara and of all her friends.

Clara herself sank nearly fainting in the arms of her old friend, the venerable Doctor Williams.

Traverse, in bitterness of spirit, approached and bent over her.

Colonel Le Noir spoke to the judge.

"I deeply thank your honor for the prompt hearing and equally prompt decision of this case, and I will beg your honor to order the sheriff and his officers to see your judgment carried into effect, as I foresee violent opposition, and wish to prevent trouble."

"Certainly; Mr. Sheriff, you will see that Colonel Le Noir is put in possession of his ward, and protected in that right until he shall have placed her in security," said the judge.

Clara, on hearing these words, lifted her head from the old man's bosom, nerved her gentle heart, and in a clear, sweet, steady voice said—

"It is needless precaution, your honor; my friends are no law-breakers; and since the court has given me into the custody of my guardian, I do not dispute its judgment—I yield myself up to Colonel Le Noir."

"You do well, young lady," said the judge.

"I am pleased, Miss Day, to see that you understand and perform your duty; believe me, I shall do all that I can to make you happy," said Colonel Le Noir.

Clara replied by a gentle nod, and then, with a slight blush mantling her pure cheeks, she advanced a step and placed herself immediately in front of the judge, saying—

"But there is a word that I would speak to your honor."

"Say on, young lady," said the judge.

And as she stood there in her deep mourning dress, with her fair hair unbound and floating softly around her pale, sweet face, every eye in that court was spell-bound by her almost unearthly beauty. Before proceeding with what she was about to say, she turned upon Traverse a look that brought him immediately to her side.

"Your honor," she began, in a low, sweet, clear tone, "I owe it to Doctor Rocke here present, who has been sadly misrepresented to you, to say (what, under less serious circumstances, my girl's heart would shrink from avowing so publicly) that I *am* his betrothed wife—sacredly betrothed to him by almost the last act of my dear father's life. I hold this engagement to be so holy that no earthly tribunal can break or disturb it. And while I bend to your honor's decision, and yield myself to the custody of my legal guardian for the period of my minority, I here declare to all who may be interested, that I hold my hand and heart irrevocably pledged to Doctor Rocke, and that, as his betrothed wife, I shall consider myself bound to correspond with him regularly, and to receive him as often as he shall seek my society, until my majority, when I and all that I possess will become his own. And these words I force myself to speak, your honor, both in justice to my dear lost father and his friend Traverse Rocke, and also to myself, that hereafter no one may venture to accuse me of clandestine proceedings, or distort my actions into improprieties, or in any manner call in question the conduct of my father's daughter." And, with another gentle bow, Clara retired to the side of her old friend.

"You are likely to have a troublesome charge in your ward," said the sheriff apart to the colonel, who shrugged his shoulders by way of reply.

The heart of Traverse was torn by many conflicting passions, emotions and impulses; there was indignation at the decision of the court; grief for the loss of Clara, and dread for her future!

One instant he felt a temptation to denounce the guardian as a villain and to charge the judge with being a corrupt politician, whose decisions were swayed by party interests!

The next moment he felt an impulse to catch Clara up in his arms, fight his way through the crowd and carry her off! But all these wild emotions, passions and impulses he succeeded in controling.

Too well he knew that rage, do violence, or commit extravagance as he might, the law would take its course all the same.

While his heart was torn in this manner, Colonel Le Noir was urging the departure of his ward. And Clara came to her lover's side and said, gravely and sweetly—

"The law, you see, has decided against us, dear Traverse! let us bend gracefully to a decree that we can not annul! it can not, at least, alter our sacred relations; nor can anything on earth shake our steadfast faith in each other; let us take comfort in that, and in the thought that the years will surely roll round at length and bring the time that shall re-unite us."

"Oh, my angel-girl! my angel-girl! your patient heroism puts me to the blush, for my heart is crushed in my bosom and my firmness quite gone!" said Traverse, in a broken voice.

"You will gain firmness, dear Traverse. 'Patient!' *I* patient! you should have heard me last night! I was so impatient that Doctor Williams had to lecture me. But it would be strange if one did not learn *something* by suffering. *I* have been trying all night and day to school my heart to submission, and I hope I have succeeded, Traverse. Bless me and bid me good bye."

"The Lord forever bless and keep you, my own dear angel, Clara!" burst from the lips of Traverse; "the Lord abundantly bless you!"

"*And you*," said Clara.

"Good bye! good bye!'

"Good bye."

And thus they parted.

Clara was hurried away and put into the carriage by her guardian.

Ah! no one but the Lord knew how much it had cost that poor girl to maintain her fortitude during that trying scene. She had controled herself for the sake of her friends. But now, when she found herself in the carriage, her long strained nerves gave way—she sank exhausted and prostrated into the corner of her seat, in the utter collapse of woe!

But leaving the travelers to pursue their journey, we must go back to Traverse.

Almost broken-hearted, Traverse returned to Willow Heights to convey the sad tidings of his disappointment to his mother's ear.

Marah Rocke was so overwhelmed with grief at the news, that she was for several hours incapable of action.

The arrival of the house-agent was the first event that recalled her to her senses.

She aroused herself to action, and assisted by Traverse, set to work to pack up her own and his wardrobe, and other personal effects.

And the next morning Marah Rocke was re-established in her cottage.

And the next week, having equally divided their little capital, the mother and son parted—Traverse, by her express desire, keeping to his original plan, set out for the Far West.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HAPPINESS.

The great pursuit of man is after happiness; it is the first and strongest desire of his nature; in every stage of his life he searches for it as for hid treasure; courts it under a thousand different shapes, and, though perpetually disappointed, still persists, runs after, and inquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way *Who will show him any good?* who will assist him in the attainment, or direct him to the discovery, of this great end of all his wishes? Vain efforts—vain search. Not even Solomon could find the wished for boon. Never did the busy brain of a lean and hectic chemist search for the philosopher's stone with more pains and ardor than this great man did after happiness. He was one of the wisest inquirers into Nature; had tried all her powers and capacities, and, after a thousand vain speculations and vile experiments, he affirmed, at length, it lay hid in no one thing he had tried. Like the chemist's projections, all had ended in smoke, or, what was worse, in vanity and vexation of spirit. The conclusion of the whole matter was this—that he advises every man who would be happy, to fear God and keep his commandments.

OLD MAIDS.

A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner:—"I am inclined to believe that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids, tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, 'she will certainly die an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, 'she is cut out for an old maid,' And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an old maid. In short, 'I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity, are the never failing characteristics of an old maid."

LOVE-MAKING.

What a want of knowledge in this branch of social commerce a man betrays, who ever lets the word love come out of his lips till an hour or two at least after the time that his silence upon it becomes tormenting to its object. A course of small, quiet attentions, not so pointed as to alarm nor so vague as to be misunderstood, with now and then a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it, leaves Nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind.

ALL'S WELL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

If sleepless on my couch I lie,
While lingering hours glide silent by,
And men of strength and minds of power
Unconscious rest in nightly bower,
And evil walks with secret sway,
And shrouded burglars prowl for prey,
With what a welcome tone of cheer
The watchman's voice salutes the ear,
All's well.

All's well, in this our city fair,
No warring host encampeth there,
Nor sack, nor siege, nor trumpet's cry
Call lov'd ones from their homes, to die;
No pestilence with sway severe
Demands the ceaseless moan and tear,
Nor famine lays her shrivell'd hand
Upon the plenty of our land—
All's well.

Yet here, within this favor'd bound,
Art sure no lurking foe is found?
No hidden tyranny of guile?
No broken hearts that wear a smile?
Of Satan's house no liveried crew
That in the dark his bidding do,
Unblushing, till the dawn of day?
How canst thou then so boldly say,
All's well?

A clime there is, from danger free,
God fit our souls that clime to see;
It hath no wound, to thrill and bleed,
No staff of trust like broken reed,
Nor wrinkling care, nor blighted bowers,
Nor serpent coiling 'mid the flowers;
It hath no need of wakeful eye,
Or nightly guard, or watchman's cry,
All's well.

Hartford, March 8th, 1859.

ONLY ONE FAULT.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I can't!"

"But, my dear Flora, you can if you try."

"I don't want to!"

Charles Temple did not make an immediate reply to this. It was his wife's only fault, and he could not be harsh. He had been married two years, and he had found in Flora a true and faithful companion; a fond and affectionate wife; and a source of much pure joy and blessedness. In her daily life she was mild and gentle, performing her various household duties with quiet and orderly despatch, and presiding with serene dignity in the presence of company. And yet she had this one fault. Her husband sought to lead her into a field of higher intellect, that she might bear him company in some of his richer feasts of reason; but she did not readily follow him.

"Flora, to please me, will you not read this essay? You will find it very beautiful and very valuable."

"I can't!" was her reply, half poutingly, and half laughingly.

"But, my sweet wife——"

"There—now don't! You know I can't bear such things," Flora cried, breaking in upon her husband.

He cast a sad, reproachful glance upon her, and, when she saw it, she laid her hand upon his shoulder and looked imploringly up into his face.

"Now, Charles, you shouldn't feel so. Don't I try to please you, and to make you happy, by every means within my power?"

"All but this, Flora—all but this. If you would only please me in this—if you would only please me here——"

"You would have me able to converse with your old college friends, I suppose?"

"I would have you able to converse understandingly upon all topics befitting your station, my love."

"Well—it's no use, Charles. I can't study those dry themes. I am just as you took me. I love you very much, and I want to make you happy; and if you love me as I think you do, you can overlook this one little fault. Have I any other fault you would wish to cure?"

"No, Flora—only this one."

"Then," cried the young wife, slipping her arm about her husband's neck, "only think how foolish it is for you to make yourself unhappy for so slight a cause. Perhaps it is a fault of mine, but I can't help it. Indeed, you ought to feel very thankful that I have no worse ones."

"I do, Flora,—I do, most assuredly."

"Then kiss me, and say no more about it.—— There—now I must go and see to Baby. Be a good Charley, and come home early to supper."

How could he be offended with such a joyous, loving creature? He could not. And yet he wished she were different in that one thing. Her unwillingness to learn annoyed him more than he was willing to own, and still he could not work the change he sought. He could not reach her reason. She would not listen long enough. She would fly off in a tangent whenever he approached the subject. It was her only fault, and she looked upon it as a very slight affair. She did her best to please him in everything else, and surely he ought to bear with her in this.

Charles Temple sat in the parlor for some time after his wife had gone, and he pondered deeply upon the subject.

"If I could only make her see this in its true light," he said to himself, "I am sure she would strive to overcome her repugnance to reading and study. She can learn most rapidly when she is once interested. See what she is in music! She is the finest singer and player within the whole circle of my acquaintance. Oh, if she would only try to improve her mind in another sphere,—if she would only qualify herself to entertain my friends in intellectual converse. She could do it if she would; and I think if she could only thoroughly understand the case she would try."

As Charles arose from his chair his eye rested upon the piano-forte. It was a superb instrument—one which he had purchased only a few months before, and which had been pronounced by good judges to be of the first order in the quality and quantity of its tone. The young man stopped, and pressed his finger upon his brow. He had an idea. It was a curious thought, but he determined to carry it out. He slipped quietly up stairs and got a pair of pincers, and then he returned and opened the piano-forte, and having selected one of the shortest, smallest strings, clear away up in the sixth octave, he let it down just about half a tone. When he had done this he shut up the instrument, and went away to his store.

In the evening Charles came home early, as his wife had bidden him, and after tea they repaired to the parlor. For an hour or more they conversed upon various topics, and then the young man asked his companion to sing to him one of the songs he loved so well. She gave him a kiss, and when he had opened the piano, she seated herself at the instrument. She played a simple prelude, and then commenced the song. It was a sweet, plaintive thing, full of soul and feeling, and she sang it with tender, touching pathos. But she was not to finish it. Right in the middle of one of the most delicate passages she suddenly stopped, and a quick shudder, as though something had grated harshly and painfully upon her feelings, shook her frame.

"What is the matter?" asked Charles, professing much surprise.

"Mercy!" cried Flora, with another shudder, "what a horrible discord! Didn't you hear it?"

"I noticed that you stopped. But where was the discord?"

"Why—something must be the matter with the piano. Just wait a moment."

Thus speaking Flora ran her fingers over the keys, and in a very few moments she found the discordant note. Her ear was very sensitive, and the jar of the faulty member really tortured her.

"Only hear that!" she said.

"Are there any more notes out of the way?" asked Charles.

She ran the rest of the keys over, and pronounced them all perfect.

"Let us look in and find the string," pursued the husband, at the same time lifting the top of the instrument back.

"There it is," said Flora, touching the key very lightly, and pointing to the vibrating wire.

"What!" exclaimed Charles, "and must you stop your sweet song for so slight a thing as that! Come—go on and finish it."

"Finish it! Are you crazy?"

"Not quite, my love. Only I want you to sing to me the rest of the song."

"But how can I sing and play with such an abominable discord?"

"Why," urged the husband, soberly and earnestly, "you do not mean to tell me that the simple stretch of that one little string can make such trouble. Just look in here. See how many other strings there are—how many larger, and longer, and heavier.—It cannot be that this one poor little thing can be of so much account."

"Mercy on me, Charles! I thought you knew more of music than that," returned Flora, almost indignantly.

"But do you mean to say that the simple flattening of that one little string throws the whole instrument out of tune?" asked the young man, snapping the offending wire with his finger.

"Most certainly it does," the wife answered. "The whole harp might just as well be shattered so far as the tuneful harmony is concerned."

"It is very wonderful," said Charles.

"What is wonderful?" asked Flora, looking up into his face.

"That one little fault should create such palpable result of evil."

"I don't see anything so very wonderful about it," pursued the wife. "A discord is a discord, let it be great or small; and when the harmony is once broken it is harmony no more."

"It is very wonderful," repeated Charles.

"But I hope you understand it now."

"Yes, Flora,—I think I do. I see that the piano must depend, for perfect harmony, upon very small things. I understand that even *one little fault* can destroy all its tuneful power, and throw it into jarring discord. *How very like the human heart it is!* What a type this instrument is of Domestic Life. Upon what slight affairs may perfect harmony depend!"

Flora started as these words fell upon her ear, and as she met her husband's steady, earnest gaze, she read the full meaning of his words.

"Charles, she said, in a hushed, hesitating tone, "you lowered that string?"

"Yes, love, I did. I wished to see if you could produce pure, sweet music from your piano while even one of the very smallest of its many strings was at fault."

"I understand you now," she whispered, laying her head upon his bosom.

"What do you understand?" he asked, winding his arm about her.

"You mean," she replied, "that even one slight fault may destroy domestic harmony just as surely as this simple thing has destroyed the harmony of my piano."

"Aye, sweet Flora. Must it not be so?"

A few moments the young wife remained with her face hidden upon her husband's bosom; then she looked up, and, while a hopeful, joyous light broke through the tears that had gathered in her eyes, she said—

"Tune that string again, Charles, and we'll have no more discordant notes in our home."

He quickly restored the wire to its former tuneful tension, and when Flora tried the instrument again she found it true and perfect. She sang her sweet song, and then she went and sat down upon her husband's knee, and promised him that she would strive to overcome the ONE FAULT that had troubled him.

And she did overcome it; and she was amply repaid for all her trouble. It brought joy to herself as well as to her husband. She overcame the fault, and the domestic harmony was perfect; and she never forgot the lesson she had thus received. She had learned how slight a thing could throw the music of the fireside into jarring discord, and ever after she was watchful that not even the very smallest of all the domestic harp-strings should get out of tune.

GENIUS AND TRADE.

R. Bonner, Esq.:—*Sir*—Enclosed you will find a list of eminent persons who have been connected with trades; it may be of some service to your numerous readers, as well as encouraging to aspirants for note and fame. It is only in the night that comets can be seen to advantage. G. C.

Akenside—the son of a butcher.
Bloomfield—a shoemaker.
Bonner (Bishop)—a peasant.
Bunyan—a tinker.
Burns—a ploughman.
Butler—son of a farmer.
Cervantes—a common soldier.
Chaucer—son of a merchant.
Columbus—a wool stapler.
Cromwell—son of a brewer.
De Foe—son of a butcher.
Demosthenes—son of a sword maker.
Euripides—son of a green grocer.
Fox, George—a shoemaker.
Franklin—a journeyman printer.
Gray—son of scrivener.
Howard—an apprentice to a grocer
Hume—a merchant's clerk.
Johnson, S.—son of a bookseller.
Jonson, Ben—a bricklayer.
Luther, Martin—a miner.
Mahomet—a camel driver.
Milton—son of a scrivener.
Moliere—son of a tapestry maker.
Rousseau—son of a cobbler.
Shakespeare—son of a wool stapler.
Tamerlane—son of a shepherd.
Tillotson—son of a weaver.
Virgil—son of a peddler.
Watts—son of a shoemaker.
Wolsey—son of a butcher.

MARRIAGE—MAN'S CHIEF HOPE.

No event in a man's life is more consequential than marriage; nor is any more uncertain. Upon this die his sum of happiness depends. Pleasing views arise, which vanish as the cloud; because, like that, they have no foundation. Circumstances change, and tempers change with circumstances. Let a man's prior judgment be ever so sound, he cannot foresee a change; therefore is liable to deception. His chief hope of happiness must therefore be, under the blessing of Providence, in his own goodness and integrity.

Prosperity.—We often live under a cloud; and it is well for us that we should do so. Uninterrupted sunshine would parch our hearts; we want shade and rain to cool and refresh them.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY DR. THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

The wind is whistling round the house,
But in the pauses of the sound,
I hear the nibbling of a mouse,
Which in the cupboard looking round,
A scattered bone or two has found,
And is making a scanty supper;
Ah, happy wind and mouse to-night!
They stay, but I, whate'er I feel,
On Pegasus must take my flight,
With Memory's spur to arm each heel,
The whip of Need hard blows to deal,
And Sorrow behind on the crupper.

My eyes are blinded by his mane,
As, rising over rising mist,
He spurns the rolling cloudy plain
To pierce the sky of amethyst,
Whose azure by the sunlight kissed,
For its tinge to the kiss is beholden;
And while he shakes his condor wings,
And from his nostrils scatters fire,
take my harp of many strings,
And lapped in hope and mad desire,
Touch tenderly the sounding wire,
To sing of the age that was golden.

They're here—those primal days of earth,
The early age of storied life,
Sweet innocence again has birth
And being, all with joy is rife,
Unknown to man is care and strife,
And no one is living to scorn ye;
The rivers flow with cream and wine,
And sugar falls instead of snow,
The hills are pound-cakes, iced so fine,
Where trees of sugar-candy grow,
There's honey in the pools below,
And earth is a huge California.

No Congress-men are here to fight,
No Wall-street brokers show their tricks,
No lawyers prove that black is white,
We hear no cant of politics,
No poison with our food they mix,
And no criminal courts are in session;
Our milk is had from living cows,
No organ-grinders people bore,
No care is marked on honest brows,
The office-holders steal no more,
And authors, with *esprit du corps*,
Take pride in a noble profession.

Grim Want from house and hearth is banned,
And smiling Plenty takes his place;
Perpetual Spring is on the land;
Not Envy, were it here, could trace,
One thought of vice, in all our race,
Nor find in all nations a sinner;
Through streets and lanes, lest some one lacks,
Fat turkeys ready-roasted run,
Good knives and forks within their backs,
And in each craw a toothsome bun;
All ready for each hungry one
To make, and for nothing, his dinner.

Ah, Golden Age!—Away it goes,
Down drops my winged horse to ground,
And brings me back to all the woes
And want and sorrow most profound,
That in the lower world abound,
Though they never ascend to the upper;
The wind is whistling round the house,
And in the pauses of the sound,
I hear the nibbling of a mouse,
Which in the cupboard looking round,
A scattered bone or two has found,
And is making a scanty supper.

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE COLONY OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

By I. B.

A Descendant of Anne Bradstreet, commonly called the Tenth Muse, etc., etc.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER V.

BARBARA ALLEN.

"Al mo[illegible] alla sposa,
Sempre [illegible] qualche c[illegible]."

If Captain Mile[illegible] Standish ever did have a sneaking notion fo[illegible]lins, the chroniclers of his time saw [illegible]ok the fact, and I shall follow their example. But of thee, lovely, and tender, but cruel Barbara, the chronicles are not silent! Rose died, and left no rose-bud; but thou wert the mother of children surnamed Standish, whose Christian names were, respectively, Charles, Alexander, and John.

I do not know whether a historian can with propriety descend to the inferior regions of love, but insomuch as the affairs of empire commonly turn upon this pivot, perhaps I may as well set the example. The fall of man and the fall of Troy are notable instances of the influence of the sex, and if we were to penetrate into the mysteries of any foreign court,—say the Spanish, for instance—or even look at our own pure republican center of government, we should find that things are pretty much as they used to be.

Barbara Allen walked through Leyden street, and the captain smoked his pipe. That "good creature, tobacco," sometimes builds extraordinary castles in the air. The clouds that curled to the ceiling of his domicile, only showed him how desolate it was. He sat in his own *butaca*, or Spanish chair, covered with Cordovan leather, and beside the hearth there was another seat, —rush-bottomed, high-elbowed, but empty! A woman's cloak and bonnet hung mournfully from a peg against the wall; the Delft-ware on the dresser was covered with dust; so were sword, snaphance, and double barreled arquebuse, for it was a period of inactive peace. Thine was a solitary life indeed, oh, iron, warrior-man of New Plymouth!

But from every curl, wreath, and ringlet of smoke, gleamed forth upon him the bewitching eyes of the cruel Barbara. It was in vain that he recalled a picture once so pleasing,—that of the departed Rose,—and the mental vow he had taken to sleep beside her. "Surely," said he, "I can do that too, and let poor Barbara sleep on the other side." So he smoked his widowed pipe, and looked less unkindly upon the maiden. Meantime the lovely conquistadora, unconscious that this ancient turtle was slowly emerging from his shell, suddenly demolished all the air castles in his tobacco-pipe, by bestowing her brightest smiles upon a Mr. John Oldham, who had been her fellow-passenger upon the good ship Little James. This Oldham, although afterwards a historical personage of no trifling note, was not insensible to the charms of his graceful contemporary. I suppose people fell in love in Leyden street then, just as easily as people in Beacon street do now. We are all of the same stock, ar'n't we?

Now in a town of a hundred and fifty inhabitants, affairs of this kind are no secret; Mrs. Winslow, late Mrs. White and mother of Peregrine, carried it to Mrs. Bradford, formerly the widow Southworth, who canvassed it with young Mrs. Alden, who discussed it with old Mrs. Brewster, who laid it before the Elder, who put it privately to the Captain. Love is a species of leaven, soon as it begins to ferment in one mind, the effect is contagious. Barbara Allen's *affaires du cœur* worked like a pint of yeast upon the colony. Nevertheless Miles Standish was a keen old swordsman—he knew how to parry these blows; and besides, had the rare faculty of looking through a temporary defeat unto an ultimate triumph. So whatever the Elder told him, the Captain placed like a piece of cotton, in the hollow of his ear, and smoked, and waited.

Then John Oldham was known as the accepted of the lovely Barbara. At fishing parties, at pic nics, at balls given by the Governor in the Town House, at walks on the beach, or rambles over the hills, John Oldham and Barbara Allen were inseparable. And let me tell you at this time John Oldham was no inconsiderable marrying man; having a lease-hold from Captain Gorges, son and heir of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, upon Charles River property, three miles square, including Shawmut, a little spot whereon Boston now stands, which he held at the extravagant rent of 12*d* the 100 acres. Otherwise he was a strong, hearty gentleman with a boisterous laugh, a pot belly, and an extraordinary beard, that might change color during the week, but was always sure to come out, black as ink, on Mondays.

About this time sundry vessels arrived from over sea, with fresh colonists, some of whom helped swell the ranks of the old town, while others scattered in adjacent places and founded Salem, Nantasket, Cape Ann, Braintree, Naumkeak, and even went further north, and settled Ipswich and Piscataqua.

It is recorded that among these vessels there was one, bound on a fishing voyage, that brought over Mr. Edward Winslow, who had been on a mission to England, three heifers and a bull, the first neat cattle, and the Rev. John Lyford, the first clergyman, imported by the colony. This John Lyford has had his portrait sketched by many a rude pen of the time, but even from these one may gather that he was a person of exquisite sensibility, for as Morton, and others relate—"when he came first on shore he saluted them with that reverence and humility as is seldom seen, and indeed made them ashamed, he so bowed and cringed unto them, and would have kissed their hands if they would have suffered him; yea he wept, and shed many tears, as if he had been made all of love, and the humblest person in the world," etc., etc.; with which those simple persons were most egregiously gulled, hoodwinked, and shuffled hither and thither like puppets in a raree show. But old Captain Standish was too tough a blade to be led by the nose by such two-penny quack-salvers, even if all the rest of the town's people were, and therefore speedily fell into great disrepute, and became exceedingly unpopular in the colony, the which he requited with a most rusty and intolerable disdain. Now among others with whom Lyford fell into acquaintance was this Mr. Oldham, and the two had many a laugh in their sleeves together at the good people of New Plymouth. But Mr. Oldham, who as we have seen, was of a boisterous nature, upon one occasion happened to laugh a little too loud, which coming to the ears of the council they make a note thereon, and as there was a ship in harbor ready to sail for England with many letters, both of Lyford and Oldham, on board, the Governor took boat secretly at night, and proceeding to her cabin, examined the mails, in which were at least twenty scurrilous epistles, written by these precious disciples of Machiavelli. Of these, taking copies to forward as directed, and preserving the originals for a future object, Governor Bradford departed again.

Things being in this course, external peace leaving room for internal dissension, Captain Miles Standish employed his time in raising a train band, or militia; drafting into the ranks the able bodied men who had lately come over, and among those so draughted was Mr. John Oldham. That the person last named had to go through a course of drill duty, anything but light and easy, the reader can readily imagine. And most intolerable of all, this discipline was directly under the eye of the cruel Barbara, who usually appeared upon parade in a tucked up riding habit, a steeple crowned hat and three horseman's feathers, which had been her equestrian gear in Scarlet-town, where she was born. And it was upon such occasions that the little Captain took particular pains to make his stout rival turn out his toes, keep his eyes square to front, handle firelock, and trudge through the mud to the tap of the colony drum. But this "fell malignant," one day forgetting all respect due to discipline, refused to turn out his toes, as ordered, and not satisfied even with this example of mutiny, had the hardihood to call the commander-in-chief "a rascal, a beggarly rascal," and drawing a knife, threatened to cut him up into giblets, for which he was promptly arrested, shackled, and imprisoned, before the eyes of Barbara Allen, with whom Captain Standish walked home after parade.

As soon as the news came to the ears of the Rev. John Lyford, that his fellow in villany had been arrested, he made a tremendous rumpus in the town, and, "drawing off with his accomplices," endeavored to establish a free Episcopal church, which was promptly put down. For, as one of the fathers said, "they had crossed the water to enjoy liberty of opinion, and would not be disturbed by others." This is the true philosophy of Plymoutheism—narrow mindedness is as a wedge to cleave asunder adverse opinion and open its own path to empire, whereas liberality, toleration, and license are so diffuse, that they only waste and fritter away the substantial use and enjoyment of civil and religious liberty. I grant that something depends upon which side you may happen to be, but in such conflicts it is safest to adopt that side which is the strongest.

So these two runagate rogues found, when they were brought before the Council, and dealt with; and the chief complaint against them was, that inasmuch as the Pilgrim Fathers had come hither to enjoy liberty of conscience, and to that end they and their friends had passed through much hardship and had borne the charge of these beginnings that they, illiberal vagabonds that they were, had plotted against them, and claimed privileges which none but the elect were entitled to enjoy. Which, both Lyford and Oldham denying, their own letters were produced, which did so discomfit them that Oldham broke out into a furious passion, and endeavored to provoke a mutiny with the people, saying, "My masters, where are your hearts? Now show your courage; you have often complained to me, so and so, now is your time; stand by me, I will stand by you!" and the like; but not a man opened his mouth in answer. Then Lyford, finding the game was up, turned State's evidence, burst into a passion of tears, and confessed that he was a reprobate, with other penitent marks of contrition, which had so potent an effect that many bystanders were ready to go down upon their knees to beg off the sentence passed upon this excellent person. I think the faculty of being able to furnish copious floods of tears upon any given subject, is one of those rare accomplishments which should be properly rewarded. It certainly was in this instance, for inasmuch as sentence of banishment was passed upon both of these malcontents, yet Lyford was set at liberty on parole with six months' respite, which he made use of to such advantage that had he not been caught again in a further treasonable correspondence, and summarily expelled, he would have overturned the whole colony with his devilish plots. But for Mr. John Oldham, a rough and impenitent episcopist, there was no respite. His rude and unruly passion so run beyond all bounds of prudence and modesty, that I dare not repeat the epithets he bestowed upon our forefathers. And to use the quaint old English of the time, "he was committed until he was *tamed*, and then the council appointed a guard of musketeers, which he was to pass through, and every one was ordered to give him a blow on his hinder parts with the but end of his musket, and then he was conveyed to the water-side, where a boat was ready to carry him away with this farewell—*Go, and mend your manners!* He was a man of parts," continues the chronicler Morton, "but exceedingly high-spirited and passionate."

Now, my reader, insomuch as Captain Miles Standish commanded that guard of musketeers, you may feel assured the penalty was well laid on.

His farewell ceremony over, another of a more delicate, of a more tender nature, remained to be performed. For our hero, sheathing his Damascus blade, after a performance which had so successfully disposed of his rival, walked straightway to the low-browed tenement of Barbara Allen. And being a man of few words he thus addressed her:—"Look you, Mistress Allen, I am come for a wife this night, and I go not home without one; do you think me a fitting help-meet for you, or do you cling to some other?"

To which the cruel Barbara answered—"Mr. Standish, your question is so unexpected that I am not prepared for it. Give me time to consider."

To which Captain Standish replied—"Mistress Allen, I can give you no time to consider, insomuch as there is a young maiden opposite, whom you know, Mary Chilton, an orphan, for whom I have so tender a regard, that I cannot let her wait for your pleasure or displeasure. If you do not say 'Yes,' within the minute, I shall offer this hand," drawing off his iron glove, "to her, for whom I have not so great, but still a not less sincere affection."

"Captain Standish," said Barbara Allen, taking his ungloved hand in her own soft palm, "let me offer you a chair, and as it is early in the evening, we'll talk the matter over."

And before midnight Governor Bradford was called up out of his bed to marry an anxious couple, for marriage was a civil, not a religious contract in old colony days, and—for the rest of that night, the cottage of Barbara Allen remained as empty as a blue-bird's nest in December.

HORRORS OF CIVIL WAR.

BY A SPANISH SOLDIER.

I believe that but few of the particulars of our civil wars in Spain were ever published to the world. I took part in the sieges of two towns, whose names have, perhaps, never been mentioned even in the newspapers. One of them was brought to surrender by a remarkable occurrence. Our troops had been for some time drawn all around the place, but there seemed to be no prospect or hope of success. Our general despaired of effecting anything on any side; for the inhabitants were well armed and provided, and resisted and sallied with resolution and fury. We had not even a single cannon, and were unable to obtain any from any quarter. It occurred to one of the officers to load an old pump, and give it the appearance of a field-piece; and it was accordingly drawn out, and pointed towards the town, with much ceremony. It happened that a report was spread through the town that we had great guns, just at the time when the Governor was at the dinner-table, with several of the chief military and civil officers. The old pump was fired a short time after, and, although it was blown into splinters by the powder, a ball which it contained was thrown into the grounds adjacent to the Governor's residence, and produced such alarm, that the place capitulated. Our general, however, violated the terms; and the inhabitants were mercilessly robbed and slaughtered, by hundreds, in the squares, the streets and the houses.

Many months of experience in the rebel army, transformed me into something like a wild beast. I became so desperate in my feelings, that the slightest provocation roused in me the most fiery passions. I often called for food or wine in an inn or a shop, and imperiously commanded the landlord to taste it in my presence, before I would put it to my lips, being fearful of poison at every moment; and I sometimes stood with my hand on my sword or pistol, ready to kill him, if he dared to disobey. In what a dreadful condition is a country, where a dissolute soldiery have control? I can answer for it, that, in circumstances like ours at that time, soldiers must necessarily become vicious, dangerous and brutal, to an extreme—worse, indeed, than unchained tigers. Wild beasts do not prey upon their own species. Not so with men, in times of civil war. A young man whom I since have met, informed me that he was at one time engaged in the siege of his native town, and fought against the defenders, among whom were his brother and father!

We had different ways of obtaining and communicating information, among our friends, which sometimes proved of great importance to ourselves or others. As we were generally closely watched, and often tracked and pursued, even into the most retired recesses of the Pyrenees, it was sometimes essential to our safety to be apprized of the movements of the Queen's troops. We often made common cause with the smugglers; and we learned from them some of their secret modes of sending written messages by ignorant mountaineers, and of making records on rocks, and on the walls and door-posts of inns, which would escape the eyes of strangers, or be unintelligible to them. We sometimes wrote with a bit of tallow, in a concerted spot; and a friend would afterwards read it, by brushing it over with his dusty hat. He then might obliterate it in an instant, by a hard rub.

It is wonderful what labor, fatigue and watching, the human frame can endure. Among many similar instances, I will mention one. After many hours spent by a little party of insurgents to which I belonged, in climbing and descending precipitous mountains, hunted by our enemies, we lay down, after dark, on a rocky eminence, entirely exhausted. I had been asleep but a short time, when I was aroused by one of my youngest comrades, who had been placed as our sentinel. He touched us and said in a whisper: "*Se ve gente que sube!*" (People are seen coming up.) He then returned to his post, while our leader, in a whisper, ordered us to retreat precipitately. We fled as fast as our weary limbs would allow, and a few moments after heard a volley of musketry behind us. Our youthful sentinel I never saw again; and it was long before I learned his fate. The enemy stole upon him, and he was almost torn in pieces by the bullets from twelve or fourteen of their guns.

Such was often our manner of life for weeks together; and, indeed, during five years, I can hardly say I ever enjoyed a day of quiet repose. How many times, and in how many ways, it pleased God to save my life, when in imminent peril, I cannot tell. Such scenes as the following I recall with shuddering:

One dark night we made a forced march, hoping to surprise a party of the enemy; and, while I was hardly able to keep my feet, we had to walk, in single file, along a ledge, over an immense precipice, where there was barely room for one person at a time. Although I had before proceeded mechanically along our way, so overcome with fatigue that I slept much of the time, the sight of that dangerous path roused me; and I took my steps with great caution. We failed in our design, and had to make a rapid retreat. I was so exhausted that life appeared to me not worth an effort; and, sometimes half asleep, sometimes quite asleep, I continued to move on. At length I was roused by a companion behind, who laid his hand upon my arm, exclaiming: "Hombre! you are asleep—you will be dashed to pieces!" I looked about, and found we were at the dangerous place above-mentioned, and for a moment roused myself, and took heed to my steps. But soon after my anxious comrade again seized my arm, and besought me to keep awake, at least until I should be beyond that frightful pass in the Pyrenees. I remember my feelings at the time. I was so nearly exhausted, and had so overwhelming a sense of fatigue and longing for rest, that there scarcely remained in me the remnant of a desire for life.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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DON'T EXPECT IT.—We are constantly receiving letters from parties whom we highly esteem and would be glad to oblige, but whose communications we cannot answer without neglecting (and thereby doing injustice to) vital matters of business. We are so loaded with labors that every moment of our time has to carry double. In fact, more work is imposed on us than four men ought to do. Therefore, we have no doubt that our friends, on giving the subject due consideration, will see how impossible it is for us to act upon our friendly impulses and answer their letters. Don't expect it of us; and don't send us any manuscripts.

NO TRAVELING AGENTS.—We employ no traveling agents. If any person acts as such he must be a swindler.

TURKS VS. AUSTRIANS.

Lord John Russell said to a Hungarian nobleman at Vienna, "It is ungrateful in your countrymen to be so deeply disaffected to Austria, when she delivered Hungary from the Turks." "Would to God, my lord," replied the Hungarian, with great emotion, "that we had Turks yet."

How terrible must be the oppression of that rule which makes even the sway of barbarians and fanatics seem desirable in comparison!

One of our great poets says:

> "Thou'dst shun a bear;
> But if thy flight lay tow'rds the raging sea,
> Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth."

Such is the preference of unhappy Hungary. A squeeze of the Turkish "bear" she might survive, but in the "raging sea" of Austrian tyranny, freedom, faith, nationality, all are swallowed up.

History justifies the preference. The Turks tolerated the religion of Hungary; Austria has mingled the blood of her children with their sacrifices. The Turks were decently observant of their promises; Austria uses oaths, treaties, concessions and constitutions only to decoy and disarm her unhappy dependencies. No wonder, then, that Hungary would gladly flee to the tender mercies of the Turks to escape from the plighted truth and nominally Christian humanity of Austria.

We boast of the power of public opinion—the public opinion of nations and of humanity—in modern times. This has gone so far as to hustle Haynau in London, but what has it done to restrain Austria in Bohemia, Hungary and Italy? Public opinion would have done little to avert the fate of Mr. Mann in 1848-9, had not Daniel Webster, with the stern majesty of a patriot statesman, backed by twenty-five millions of freemen, admonished Mr. Hulseman that if a hair of our countryman's head were harmed, the whole power of the republic would be put forth to chastise the atrocity. Poor Kostza would have found the public opinion of nations a small comfort to him in the long imprisonment or speedy death which awaited him, had not the intrepid bearing of Capt. Ingraham, seconded by the guns of an American frigate, compelled the Austrian power to release the wretch who was already writhing in her grasp.

We are forced with sorrow to confess that the policy of England towards Austria has been such as to abet and sustain that inexorable power. When Wilberforce moved in the House of Commons for an expression of sympathy with Lafayette, then and for years before immured in the dungeon of Olmutz, (where his teeth and hair were dropping out from the terrible severity of his treatment,) and for instructions to the British Ambassador at Vienna to exert his influence to procure a relief or termination of his imprisonment—the motion, (as he relates in his diary,) was saluted with such a general outburst of rude and jeering laughter, as to make the scene the most painful humiliation of his life—a "shame" so intense that nothing but the consciousness of Christian rectitude and humanity could have sustained him under it. Even now the merciless sway of Austria, which is turning the paradise of Italy into a wilderness, has more support from England than from any other European power, perhaps from all combined.

The government, not the people! Such is the usual explanation of the strange and sad paradox. But this is an excuse which England is not willing to admit in the case of any of *our* misdoings. And, in truth, it is not a valid defense of any wrong in the administration of a free State:—which is then only *free* when the *people* control the *goverment*, and are promptly and truly represented by it. This is the boast of England. And, admitting that it is well founded, how are we to account for the spectacle presented at this moment by the political condition of Europe—the freest State linked in close alliance with the most despotic—men who will not wear a chain themselves, and are clamoring that the oppressed shall go free everywhere, yet warning all hands off which are stretched forth to free the captives of Austrian tyranny—a tyranny which has absolutely no match in history—which weighs on many races of brave men with an oppression so intolerable, that they cry out in their agony—*Would to God that we had the Turks again!*

WANTED—OCCUPATION.

That much occupation is wanted, is visible enough to whoever studies the advertising columns of our daily papers. Most varied are the desires and qualifications expressed in that interesting department of current literature. But it is not with the poor girl in search of a cook's berth, or X. Y. Z. travailing for a capitalist to invest in some patent "sure to realize 1000 per cent. per annum," that we wish to speak in this connection. Scattered among the multitude of other wants, we see, but too frequently, those of young men, beseeching for "situations" as salesmen, book-keepers, &c., on the strength of accomplishments, which it really possessed, would quickly *command* place, consideration and independence, if the advertisers, instead of rushing to this always overcrowded city, would strike out into regions where labor is not in such intense competition as to make it often a matter of begging to get the barest living's worth.

Many of the young men so advertising, are in capacity all they profess to be, for we have known some of them, highly and carefully educated—the college-bred flowers of country families—but instead of being instructed in a good trade, or kept on the farm, where the best of talent need not be buried or lost, their aspiration for a more genteel, showy career, was nursed by the mistaken pride of parents, and they were finally packed off to try the glittering chances of city life. And hard chances they found them—so hard that every now and then one felt pushed by them to the verge of the river docks—and even beyond, into the dark roaring waters, at once their refuge and oblivion. Sad histories could be written of young men wrecked in the whirlpool of marts like this, who, had they turned half their talent to account in the country, might have risen to eminence and fortune.

Pity it is, that the voice of warning so often uttered to the thousands of clever young men, born and bred in the country only to fly from it in disgust the moment their powers are ripe enough to turn to service, is so universally unheeded—voice, too, uttered by those who have looked over the whole field and witnessed the wretchedness consequent upon this mistaken bent for occupation. And why does this passion for city life rage so among the rural born? Simply because a false standard of respectability prevails throughout society. The white-handed and glove-handed—the classes who pursue trade or follow learned professions, are treated with more deference than the sweaty-browed and swarth-handed. There is no mistake about it—however much the few of solider sense may esteem the real man, despite the hue of his toil, the many bow lowest to fashion and gentility. Even the farmer is more deferential to the broad-clothed merchant, lawyer and doctor, than to his own honest, home-spun farmer neighbor. The country boys grow up impressed with these distinctions, and naturally aspire to occupations which may thus distinguish them. To the cities and villages they look for these occupations, and the farm and mechanic shop are left to such stupidity as is tame enough to put up with the drudgeries—as they are called—of common life.

Better, a thousand times better is it for a young man, even of the best talent, to stick to his country home or neighborhood and gain a sure and reputable livelihood, than to venture to the city without something better than the chances of advertising to depend on for a place. Better be independent on the farm, than a servile drudge, with a serf's rations, in the city.

OBSTINATELY PROSPEROUS.

While looking the other day over some files of old political journals, embracing a retrospect of about thirty-five years, we made an important discovery in ethics. It was this: That a country may be ruined and undone every five years or so without being a bit the worse for it; and furthermore that it may be saved just as often without experiencing any great benefit from the salvors. We gathered from the pile of soiled and musty sheets before us, in which the "organs" of half a dozen conflicting parties were included, that high tariff, low tariff, and no tariff are equally destructive to the prosperity of the United States; that the credit system is an elaborate swindle, and the hard cash system death to commerce; that an unlimited outlay for internal improvements is necessary to the profitable development of our natural resources, and that canal and railroad schemes are merely plots to rob the treasury; that the salvation or destruction of the nation depends upon every general election; that no work and starvation, or full employment and three hearty meals a day, are at the political option of the masses every time they go to the polls; and above all, that the Union has been on the verge of disruption for full one-third of a century. All these and fifty other assumptions, as wide as heaven and earth asunder, confronted us as we read; and were really so plausibly put and so dexterously argued, theoretically, that it seemed a miracle the country should have buffeted its way through such a "sea of troubles" without being utterly swamped. But when we turned from "bunkum" to facts; from the electioneering "leaders" of party editors to the reports and statements which, as chroniclers of events, they were compelled to publish; in short, from partizan sophistry to honest history and veracious statistics, the mystery vanished. It became evident that in the face of political programmes of disaster and ruin, and patent propositions for saving the country, our national wealth, population and prestige had been rapidly and steadily increasing. The record showed that within the last thirty-five years our foreign and domestic commerce had been quintupled; millions upon millions of virgin acres placed under culture; incalculable mineral wealth rendered available; immense progress made in domestic manufactures; multitudes of villages transformed into thriving cities; new States carved out of the wilderness; a land richer in gold than the ancient Ophir acquired; the whole surface of our territory reticulated with railroads; the interchange of thought between distant places rendered instantaneous and universal, and all the prominent interests of the country strengthened and encouraged. So much for partizan auguries. They used to scare people in the earlier days of the republic, but we understand these things better now.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

The merits of this law as a moral agent are better understood than they were fifty years ago. The rod has been banished from our public schools—the cat-o'-nine-tails from our army and navy—flagellation and chains from our lunatic asylums. Few deny that the results of these changes are salutary, but the application of the Law of Kindness should be much more general than it is. Paupers, in some of the New England States, are to this day farmed out to the highest bidders to be overtasked and starved at will; in New York the fatherless and motherless children of destitution are murdered in a quiet way by their legally selected step mothers; and, although the use of the lash is forbidden in our prisons, their inmates can be "showered" to death.

These cruelties disgrace our civilization. It is idle to say that similar enormities have occurred heretofore in the best regulated communities. Does it therefore follow that they must continue to occur? Are we making no advance in the path of Social Reform? Does not the world move? The spirit of our general legislation becomes more humane every year. It is clear therefore that we recognize the *principle* that cruelty and oppression are not fitting instruments of moral improvement. But of what use are good laws unless good men are appointed to see to their enforcement? In all our public institutions the officials have everything their own way, and their way, as a general thing, is a very harsh one. We should be glad to see the effect of the Law of Kindness fairly and conscientiously tried on a grand scale in all our public institutions. The experiment has never yet been made.

REPUBLICS ARE UNGRATEFUL.

So say the monarchists of Europe, pointing to the history of the Grecian Democracies with one hand, and at the United States—as much as to say "ditto"—with the other. Can we wholly deny the soft impeachment? Athens banished Aristides, because mean and corrupt men envied him the title of "the just," and she permitted Miltiades, her greatest general, to die in prison of wounds received in his country's battles, because he could not pay an unjustly imposed fine. We do not go as far as that. But we suffered the estate of Jefferson to be put up for sale by lottery after he had become impoverished in his country's service, and it is well known that old revolutionary claims, however well founded, generally receive the cold shoulder in Congress. We will say nothing about the shame of permitting the home and tomb of Washington to remain, a dilapidated chattel, in the hands of a private citizen, because individual exertions will soon have rescued the Republic from *that* disgrace; but we may mention the nonchalance with which our distinguished naval officers are "sent to Coventry" on reduced pay, as a melancholy proof that Republics are indeed ungrateful.

A WHISPER TO MOTHERS.

"She is such a strange child—so different from other children," a mother remarked in my hearing, with a sigh of discontent; as if all children should be made after one model; as if one of the greatest charms of life were not individuality; as if one of the dreariest, and weariest, and least improving, and most stagnating things in the world, were not a family or neighborhood which was only a mutual echo and re-echo.

"Different from other children!" Well—*let her be different;* you can't help it if you would—you ought not if you could. It is not your mission, or that of any parent, to crush out this or that faculty or bias which is God-implanted for wise purposes. You are only to modify and direct such by judicious counsel. A child who thinks for itself, prefers waiting upon itself, and is naturally self-sustained, is of course much more trouble than a heavy-headed child, who "stays put" wherever and however you choose to "dump" him down; but it is useless to ask which, with equally good training, will be the most efficient worker in the great life-field. Suppose he *does* question your opinions occasionally, don't be in a hurry to call it "impertinence;" don't be too lazy or too dignified to argue the matter with him; thank God, rather, that his faculties are wide awake and active. Nor does it necessarily follow that such a child must be contumacious or disobedient. Such a nature, however, should be tenderly dealt with. Firm yet *gentle* words—never injustice or harsh usage. You may tell such a child to "hold its tongue" when it corners you in an argument, often without any intentional disrespect, but you cannot prevent its thinking. It should not follow that a young person must, as a matter of course, though they mostly do, adopt the parental religious creed. Some parents I have known unwise enough to insist upon this. A forced faith for the wear and tear of life's trials, is but a broken reed to lean upon. On these subjects talk yourself; let your child talk, and then let him, like yourself, be free to think and choose, when this is done.

Out of twenty violets in a garden, you shall not find any two alike, but this does not displease you. One is a royal purple, another a light lilac color; one flecked with little bright golden spots, another shaded off with different tints of the same violet color, with a delicacy no artist could improve. You plant them, and let them all grow and develop according to their nature, now and then plucking off a dead leaf, now loosening the earth about the roots, or watering it, or giving it shade or sunshine, as the case may be, but you don't try to erase the delicate tints upon its leaves, and substitute others which you fancy are better. No human fingers could re-create what you would mar—you know that; so you bend over it lovingly, and let it nod to the breeze, and bend pliantly to the shower, or lift its sweet face, when the sun shines out, and through all its various changes you do not sigh for monotony. So, when I see a family of children, I like the mother's blue eyes reproduced, and the father's black eyes. I like the waving, sunny locks, and the light brown, and the raven; I like the peach-blossom skin, and the gipsey olive, all round the same hearth-stone, all rocked in the same cradle. Each is beautiful of its kind; the variety pleases me. Just so I like diversity in regard to temperament and mental faculties. Each have their merits; Heaven forbid they should be rolled up and swathed up like mental mummies, bolt upright, rigid, and fearfully repeated; no collision of mind to strike out new ideas, no progress, no movement. Surely this is not the age for that. FANNY FERN.

OUR CITY SPRING.

It is May in the millineries. The artificial lilacs, hyacinths, violets, hawthorns and early roses are in full bloom, for Fashion's Flora is always in advance of Nature's. Those little capsules for ladies' top-knots, facetiously called bonnets, overflow with vernal offerings, and lively vegetable tints begin to predominate in the costumes of the sylphs who trip along Broadway. These are signs of Spring as significant as the advent of the shad, the depth of the street mud, and the business barricades of cases and bales which obstruct the sidewalks. We can assure our lady readers afar off that their city sisters are just now in a state of delicious excitement. The "season goods" are in variety infinite, and in bewitching and bewildering beauty far ahead of the sumptuary glories of any Spring within our remembrance. Of course, under such exhilarating circumstances, no lady who is not oblivious of her sacred rights and privileges, thinks of admitting that she has anything to wear. New outfits are the order of the day, and the metalic energies of the sewing machines are taxed to the utmost to clothe the unfortunate daughters of wealth and fashion who cannot possibly go out until arrayed in conformity with the last "vermillion edict" from Paris. As for the poor sewing girls, their needle-driving fingers are as rough as files, and their lack-lustre eyes ready to drop out of their aching heads.

SHIRT-BUTTONS.

We agree with half a dozen fair correspondents who maintain that there are two sides to the great shirt-button question. "*Suppose*," says one of them, "that all the labor of a family falls upon the mother, who is often compelled, after hushing the baby to sleep, to sit up half the night making and repairing the clothes of her children. And *suppose* that, in addition to her other cares, she is engaged in business with a view to aid her husband in purchasing their house. And *suppose* that, though endowed with a capacity for enjoying the pleasures of the intellect, she denies herself those pleasures for the sake of her duty. And *suppose* that her husband, after a short day's work of five or six hours, seeks amusement abroad, and does nothing to alleviate the tedium of his wife's laborious lot. And *suppose* that that selfish husband *does* happen to find a button off his shirt now and then, has he a right to lose his temper and think himself an injured being? "Of course he has not. Let him abjure his selfish ways, stay at home, read to his wife, hold the baby, and do his duty as a gentleman and a husband; or else let him lay in a stock of sewing implements, and—O! direful fate!—sew on his own buttons."

ASTROLOGERS AND CLAIRVOYANTS.

The fact that a dozen of these arrant impostors are now driving a profitable trade in the city of New York, is an odd commentary on "human progress," and seems to indicate that credulity and intelligence run in parallel lines, at about the same rate of speed. The fraternity thrive. They "patronize" the advertising columns of leading journals, and one female charlatan, who does a little in the nuptial way, announces that she has "money to lend on good security." *All* the callings of these harpies are not uniformly mentioned in their grammarless newspaper cards. Some of them exercise a profession too infamous to be advertised, and use the miserable trickery of astrology and clairvoyance merely to mask their fouler practices. The establishments of these latter ought to be included in the category of those "haunts of vice" upon which the police occasionally make their "descents."

A WESTERN jury, holding an inquest over a man who died in prison, returned the following queer verdict: "The way of the transgressor is hard, and he died from natural causes."

PENNIES.

It is strange that the different sections of a country like this, where there is much travel and inter-communication, should retain, generation after generation, their peculiarities of custom and cast of character. How intimately New York, Boston and Philadelphia are associated; how many ties connect them; how many trains and steamboats and mail-bags are employed in facilitating the intercourse between them! But New York remains New York even in its most trifling usages—in the games of its boys, in the accent of its speech—as well as in things of the first importance. And is not Philadelphia as truly Philadelphian, and Boston as peculiarly Bostonian, as when Franklin flew his kite in the one, and John Adams defended liberty in the other?

But what has this to do with pennies? Why, we sat down to descant upon the fact that in the States of the South and South-west they have no coin of less value than a five-cent piece; and while reflecting upon the strangeness of the little fact, we fell into the reflections which are recorded in the foregoing paragraph. Not a copper coin is in circulation at the far South. No small boy there ever coaxes his mother for a penny, and straightway invests it in a stick of candy. The very newsboys refuse the copper currency of the nation, with the remark that it "don't pass." Nothing remains for the traveler but to deposit his pence among the curiosities of one of the Historical Societies, who will duly acknowledge and honor the donation at the next monthly meeting. A cent, a common copper cent, about the most familiar object that the Northern intellect can conceive, we have seen handed round a circle of Southern farmers as a curiosity of the first order.

Southern men seem to be rather proud, than otherwise, of the absence of small coins. They "don't want to be bothered with them;" "only fit for peddlers," etc. Nevertheless, we advise them to send to the mint for a hundred tons or so of the last edition of the new cent. They will find them useful now, and necessary soon. The railroads are constantly introducing those small objects of utility and convenience which render small coin indispensable.

"VERY LIKE A WHALE."

The cool assurance of Napoleon III. is absolutely sublime. France is like a camp. The busy uproar of warlike preparation resounds through the Empire from the Bay of Biscay to the Alps, from the Straits of Dover to the Gulf of Lyons. England takes the alarm, and asks the why and wherefore of these formidable demonstrations. "Oh!" says the pacific and candid Napoleon, "it is merely an affair of discipline and routine. I wish to introduce a few reforms in our military system. Nothing more, I assure you." Meanwhile the French army is swelling to the full proportions of that vast instrument of aggression which, some fifty years ago, shook or overthrew every throne in continental Europe; while the French Navy can almost count ships, guns and men with that of Great Britain herself. To tell the world, in the face of these palpable facts, that he is simply "playing at soldiers," is a proceeding which stamps the present Emperor of France as the most notable specimen of sardonic effrontery that ever wore a crown. When the storm is to burst nobody knows. The time depends upon circumstances; but the event itself is a foregone conclusion. Austria understands *where* the blow is designed to fall, and is preparing, to the best of her ability, to meet it. Italy, the arena where the empire of the world has been so often fought for, is again in all probability to be deluged with blood. In any event, the Italian people are not likely to reap the slightest benefit from the issue of the struggle. Half a million of French and Sardinian bayonets may help them to a change of masters, but to independence, never. We hope they will not be such fools as to mingle in the fray. Let them look on with grim complacency while despotism mauls and cripples despotism. In the exhaustion of tyranny's energies and resources lies the best hope of the oppressed.

ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.

An acquaintance of mine (says the author of a new pamphlet) who was engaged in the manufacture of spurious wines, and who in one year sold thirty-three thousand casks, stated to me in substance "that few persons who drink wine have any conception of what they drink. For every gallon of wine imported from abroad, ten or more are manufactured at home. The avails of the frauds committed in the adulteration of wines and spirits in the city of New York alone. amount, it is supposed, to at least three millions of dollars annually. A cargo of wine arrives in New York, is at once purchased up, and even, if factitious, in twenty-four hours its whole character is changed. To effect this, it is emptied into large vats and then mixed with whiskey, cider, sour beer, and drugs. Let the country merchant require ever so great a variety of wines, they can all be supplied from the same source; and though the real cost is only from fifteen to twenty cents per gallon, the same is sold from fifty cents to five dollars. The greater part of the wines sold in this country cost the manufacturer only from fifteen to twenty cents per gallon." And yet this is the sort of stuff which the advocates of Sabbath desecration in this city would have us pour down the throats of poor and ignorant people on the first day of the week, as well as on all other days. The drinking of these poisonous liquors in places of public resort, they consider "harmless recreation;" and the proper way to "rest" on the Sabbath, we presume, is first to stupify yourself with the drugged article. Will not our young men "rest" better when they become oblivious not to "dull care" merely, but to everything around them?

THE MORNING OF THE YEAR.

The translucent glaziery of Winter has been shivered on pool and stream, the white crowns of the New England mountains are dissolving, and soon the song of the blue-bird, and a warm flush on the crest of the maple, will be added to the glad tokens of the Morning of the Year. The tender green spikes of the new grass already begin to show on the southern slopes, and the early risers among our garden herbs and flowers are struggling upward from their beds into the sunlight. But alas! the "ethereal mildness" of which our pastoral poets sing, is as yet a southern monopoly. On the sunny side of the line—Mason and Dixon's, we mean—the meadow willows are already shaking their mealy leaves in the breeze, and the thickets that fringe the sloping banks of the Potomac are musical with the voices of the red-bird, the robin and the thrush. In that pleasant region the thermometer does not give the lie to the almanac in the "spring time of the year." Here it too often does. We have, it is true, the *blowing* season as early as our southern neighbors, but by a sad fatality it makes us weep. Our spring, in fact, instead of being a laughing Hebe, crowned with garlands, is a moist young lady troubled with influenza and catarrh, which she seldom gets over before the middle of May.

☞ The sweet and popular song, "AN ANGEL'S SMILE," by James Gordon Bennett, Esq., has been set to music, "faithfully and according to the high requirements of art," by E. C. Phelps, a musician very favorably known, residing at 359 Fulton street, Brooklyn.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Number Twelve.

NEAT DRESSING IS NOT CLEAN HOUSE-KEEPING.

Having often met Mrs. Prim in society, I thought her the neatest woman in the world; and probably should have always thought so if I had not, very strangely, had access to her house. For, once, when I had praised the good woman, a mischievous girl whispered just loud enough to be heard (exactly as if she was trying to keep it secret,—cunning rogue!) "he ought to see her at home, if he wants to know what neatness is." This ran in my head, and stirred up a host of busy fancies, and wondering thoughts. "Well, I do wish I could slip in sometime, unexpectedly, and see if this fair show is a pretty piece of domestic imposture!"

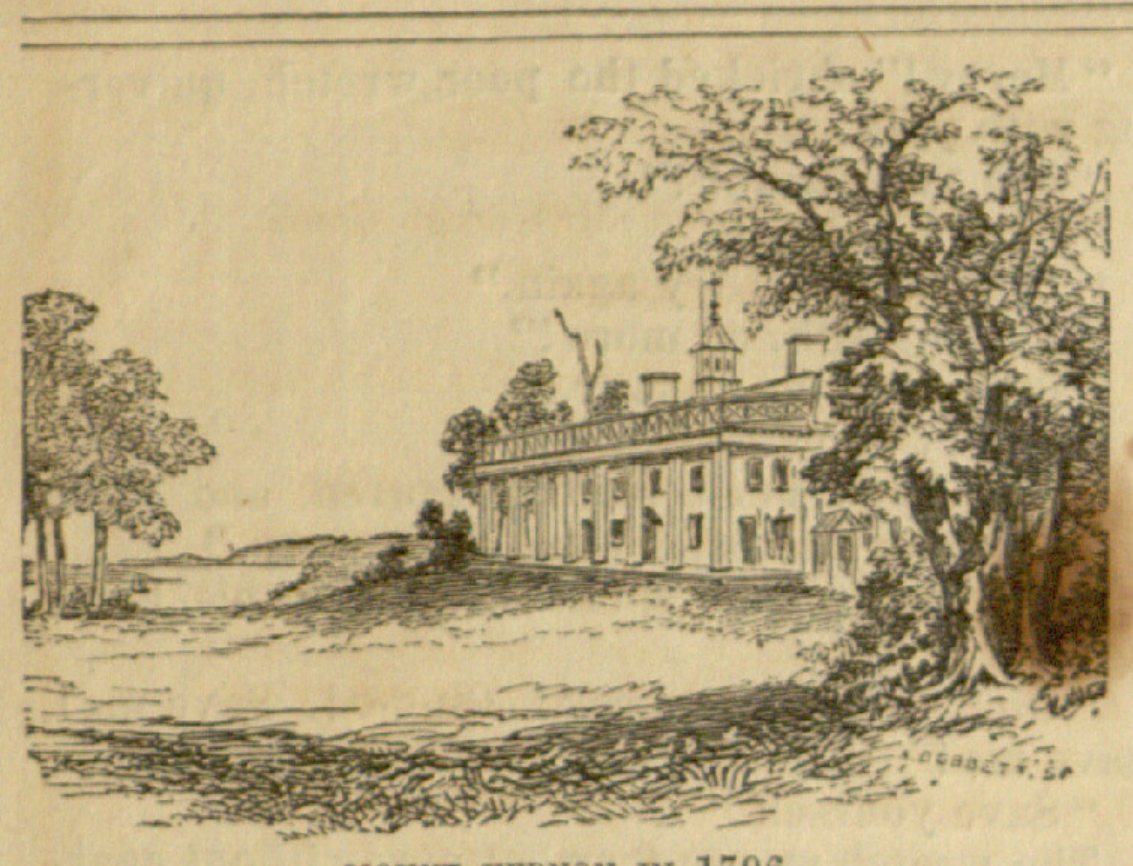
Who knows what is before him? My wishes were gratified. For, that very night, I dreamed; and Mrs. Prim was the heroine of my dream. By that amazing power given unto dreams, I found myself the husband of Mrs. Prim—the very Mr. Prim himself. Methought my lady had gone out to spend an evening; and after sleepily reading a paper for awhile, I retired to rest. Entering the room, there lay a stocking sprawled out at full length on the floor, its mate coiled up into a dump by its side, just as it was turned off the foot. In the middle of the room stood a stack of under-clothes, just as they had been stepped out of. Several pairs of shoes and several widowed ones, who long had mourned the loss of a companion, and had, for grief, doubtless, much run down at the heel, were sprinkled around the room promiscuously. The wash-basin, its contents creamed over with soap, stood in a chair; the towel lying half in it, the soap on the floor with a coat of dust be-feathering it. The wash-stand was covered with ends of candles, open and evacuated snuffers, scraps of fancy soap, a case-knife, a roll of brimstone, two tooth-brushes colored with powder, the one red, the other black; a shoe-brush, a snarl of black braid for shoe-strings, half a dozen empty perfume bottles, and a Bible. The bureau was as much beyond the wash-stand in condition as in original size. Every drawer but one was open in different degrees, like Peel's sliding-scale of tariff. If Homer asked help of the gods when beginning his epic, how much more should I? He had only a city to describe, with a few armies, and the geography of earth and heaven; but I have a lady's bureau and all its drawers! The cloth, designed to cover and protect it from all scratches, had certainly been used for a towel at each corner, for there were the finger-prints. A pair of curls, several unmanufactured wads of vagrant hair, an upset box of tooth powder, two dispersed squadrons of pins—the one sort mere light infantry, the other full-grown dragoon pins—hair brushes, one, two, three; two long combs, one fine comb, so old as to have lost many of its teeth, and to have turned quite *gray;* pomatum, oils, uncorked *cologne, mille-fleur, lavender, patchouli, verveine,* and a host besides; wristlets, hair-bands, ruffles, laces, lockets, rings, thimbles, elongated hair-pins, side-combs, back-combs, refuse curl-papers, a pair of curling-tongs laid down too hot, and making the cloth to blush brown under them; a bundle of tracts, several notes and billet-doux, seals, wax, unrolled and unrolling spools of thread, several skeins of silk snarled and unsnarlable, a crushed cap or two, sundry ribbons, an odd volume of Hannah More's works, the constitution of a maternal society, gloves a score, black, white, yellow, blue, and brown—and all this just on the top, for the drawers are yet to come! A tempest had evidently been dealing with these lower depths; for they were stirred up from the bottom. When, in dressing in hot haste, a collar had been sought, the sweet Mrs. Prim, beginning at one side forced down to the other end each article which was not the one sought for; and then, returning, pawed them all down to the *other* side. Going to the next drawer, the ceremony was repeated. Some of the drawers were emptied into others; and then the contents put back by the handful and kneaded down to their proper compactness. Once, the candle—which was in a "melting mood,"—was overturned into a heap of fine linens, but the mischief was effaced by shoving the ill-fated things, in disgrace, far back into the drawer and deep under many companions. Many things were torn open to see if something else was not in them. Stockings were unrolled and left; or a cotton and silk one rolled up together, a black one and a white. Thus much for the bureau; but it is only a hint and not a full description. My coats and overcoat, overhauled daily to see if a stray dress or underdress had not hid itself among them, were thus well trained to ground and lofty tumbling; and were becoming quite fledged with lint and feathers.

Out of such a chaos, Mrs. Prim would come forth the sweetest looking creature and the best dressed woman in town, *when she was going into company!* How came she forth when only entering her own family? With hair spreading in different directions, with a be-stained and dirty dress, half hooked and half pinned with pins black and white, and with one of the backs of her dress an inch higher than the other; the skirt ripped out of the gatherings in spots; an apron tied on askew, ill-mated shoes, and no neck handkerchief at all—for, if the air is chilly when stepping out of doors, the apron is drawn around the neck. Oh what a waking was mine, when morning broke up the dream, and divorced me from Mrs. Prim! Really, I do not suppose such a person ever lived, or was thought of except in a dream. If it *ever were* true, out of dreams, I do not think that husbands would respect their wives; honey-moons would wane, men would not love their homes, things would go at sixes and sevens, young married couples would grow very indifferent to each other, wives would complain that husbands did not care for them, husbands would mutter something about being "taken in," both would learn to say: "I *remember* the time, Mr. Prim, when you would not have treated me so." "And I, Mrs. Prim, remember the time when you did not *look* so." "Well, my dear, whose fault is it, when I have nobody here at home half the time to care how I look?" "Well, love, who wants to wade knee deep in dirt, and call that home?" "Well, sir, you are a proper man to talk about dirt—you are *so* neat yourself; pray, sir, do give me a lecture; *do* show me how to keep things neat; couldn't you write a little book about it? it would be very nice, Mr. Prim!—neat Mr. Prim!!—charming Mr. Prim!!!"

But as such things never happen, there is no use in writing any more about them.

THE BEST BANK.

So long as riches are momently liable to "take to themselves wings and flee away," the best bank for a man to rely upon is a pair of hands ready, and a heart willing, to earn daily the day's livelihood. The man who has these at command, with a reasonable degree of faith in them, may snap his fingers at the rise and fall of stocks, and fluctuations of trade that make the pillows of the rich, so-called, hard and thorny, and not unfrequently bring wreck and wretchedness to whole communities. Men who regulate their ambition by their productive capacity, are seldom subject to panic or want.



MOUNT VERNON IN 1796.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Exitus Acta Probat.—*Washington's Motto.*

Number Sixteen.

THE COURT OF FRANCE IN 1818.

Impressions of the French revolution derived from Burke—Presentation at Court in France in 1818—Court dress and diplomatic uniform—Mr. Gallatin and the ambassadors' reception—Appearance of Louis XVIII.—Duchess of Angoulême—Duke of Angoulême—The Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.—The Duke de Berri and the Duchess—Fortitude of the Duchess when her husband was assassinated, and her heroic conduct in 1832—Concealed at Nantes behind the back of a fire-place for fifteen hours—The King and Count d'Artois as described by Burke—The fortunes of the Duchess de Berri.

It was mentioned in a former number, that I arrived in Europe in the spring of 1815, just at the time of the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and was a near witness of the final catastrophe of that world-drama, of which he was the hero. Being in Paris three years afterwards, I was curious to observe, a little more closely than it can be done through the columns of the newspapers, the state of things which had succeeded the imperial *régime.* The downfall of Napoleon and the restoration of the ancient family to the throne of France wore, to a youthful judgment at least, the appearance of a great act of retributive justice in the march of affairs. The opinions of the French revolution, which prevailed among the young men of my age, as well in America as England, were mainly derived from the study of the writings of Burke. We transferred to the entire Revolution and to its effects on the condition of France, the frightful picture drawn by his master pen of the reign of terror; and we expected to find, at the Court of the Restoration, a revival of the gorgeous illusions, which he has thrown round that beautiful and unfortunate Queen, whose memory he has crowned with a brighter diadem than ever sparkled on the brow of living monarch. One glance behind the scenes was sufficient to dispel the error.

About the middle of March, 1818, Mr. Gallatin, at that time the Minister of the United States at the Court of France, kindly proposed to present my travelling companion, (the late General Lyman,) and myself to the King and the other members of the Royal Family, at one of the regular receptions of the diplomatic body. This ceremonial required a court dress; and for this, not choosing to be at the expense of one myself, I was indebted to the liberality of several friends, whose joint contributions furnished a very tolerable, though not entirely homogeneous, costume for the occasion. We are inclined, on this side of the Atlantic, to look with some disdain on diplomatic uniforms and court dresses. They have at times been put under the ban of authority, and the supposed simplicity of Franklin's dress, as the American Minister at the Court of Versailles, has been held up for imitation. But though Franklin's dress was undoubtedly simple in comparison with the uniforms, which stood alone with gold lace, worn by his European colleagues, it was far enough from the austere plainness which is commonly thought. It consisted of purple velvet garments, white silk hose, and a dress sword. Official costume, like the other incidents and appendages of place, are often no doubt greatly caricatured in Europe; but uniformity in dress has its use in checking the absurd extravagances of individual taste and want of taste, no where more signally and ridiculously displayed than in the adornments of the outer man. The uniform of the American Minister on this occasion, (as I believe on all occasions and at all courts,) was remarkable for nothing but its modest simplicity; just serving the designed purpose of avoiding the singularity of citizens' common clothing, when every one else is in official dress.

At twelve o'clock Mr. Gallatin took us in his carriage to the Tuilleries, having three days before announced our names for presentation. We were ushered on arriving into the Ambassadors' hall, where the representatives of the various governments of Europe were assembling. Mr. Gallatin was treated by them all in a manner which indicated full appreciation of his great ability and sterling worth. His mastery of the French language of course placed him on a footing of familiarity with his colleagues; and his great sagacity and experience, and the known moderation of his views, gave unusual importance and currency to his opinions in the diplomatic circles. There was a small side table in the corner of the apartment, from which coffee was served to those who wished it. Shortly after our arrival we were introduced to the Chamberlain in attendance.

A reception of this kind was held by the King and the other members of the Royal Family every other Thursday, mainly for the diplomatic corps, and it was considered a matter of course, that the foreign ministers and ambassadors should give their attendance. This they never failed to do, unless specially prevented. The occasion served them as an agreeable *rendezvous*, at which they not only exchanged the current news of their different countries, but were able to give an impulse to matters of business, which might be pending between the different legations. Of this there is always a great amount between the European Ministers,—and commercial relations, and the convenience and wants of travelling countrymen furnish the American Minister with many occasions to serve his countrymen with his colleagues. The half hour of attendance in the hall of the ambassadors before proceeding to the throne-room was profitably employed in this way. At length an usher, with his rod of office, announced that the King was ready, and led the way to the presence chamber. As he passed the guards at the doorways he said "Messieurs les Ambassadeurs;" and under his guidance, we went up the principal staircase, which was lined with guards, to the throne-room.

Having entered the room, the ambassadors and ministers arranged themselves in a semicircle according to seniority in commission, the ambassadors, however, taking precedence of all the ministers, and they of all the *chargés d'affaires.* This principle of arrangement was established at the Congress of Vienna, and put an end to those struggles for precedence, which form so prominent a part of the diplomatic history of former times, and often led to unseemly collisions and sometimes to bloodshed. Behind each minister, stood those he was to present. Mr. Gallatin's place was about half way in the circle.

The appearance of the King was in sad contrast with what Burke had said the restored King of France must be; an energetic prince, always on horseback. Louis the Eighteenth, in consequence of physical infirmity, could with difficulty be placed in a carriage. He was rather under six feet in height and corpulent, and walked with difficulty; his round and somewhat unmeaning face indicating an amiable disposition, but no strength of character. Had he ascended the throne in quiet times and in the natural order of succession, he possessed a temper and character to ensure a prosperous reign. But the most attractive and imposing personal qualities would hardly have gained popularity for a king, restored at the point of foreign bayonets, reeking from battles fatal to the pride and power of France. But in all such qualities Louis the Eighteenth, broken by misfortune and disease, was wholly deficient.

He was dressed in a blue coat and small clothes; a white Marseilles vest, which would have fitted a very much larger man, and stout hussar boots. He wore the English order of the garter; and supported himself with a cane, being stiff in one knee and a great sufferer by gout. He began with the Sardinian Ambassador at the right and passed round the circle, saying a few words to each of the ministers, and bowing to those presented by him. Having gone the rounds he bowed to the circle and retired.

We were then conducted through a long suite of apartments to the reception-room of the Duchess d'Angoulême, the daughter of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette, and wife of the Duke d'Angoulême, the king's nephew. In England she would have been Queen instead of Louis the Eighteenth; but the Salic law excluded her from the throne of France. At this time she was forty years old. Her face was neither beautiful nor pleasant; the lines were hard; the eye indescribably sad; the expression austere. Like several of her family, she was said to be very devout. She entered France, conducted herself with heroism beyond the men of her kindred, and rallied the friends of the family, when the tide turned against Napoleon. She had not, unfortunately, any more than its other members, succeeded in gaining any degree of popular favor. I could not, however, but look upon her with respect. She had shared that terrible imprisonment in the Temple, suffering for the want of the decent comforts of life, and had seen her father and mother led out to the guillotine. She had seen the poor little dauphin, her brother, daily subjected to the vilest indignities and most cruel hardships; and had lived herself in hourly expectation of sharing the atrocious fate of her parents. These surely were titles to sympathy if not to favor. She conversed a little more at length with the ministers, and addressed a few words to those introduced by them. "Are you an American? Are you just arrived in Paris?" were the questions which she addressed in French to me. After having gone the rounds of the circle, she returned to her position at the head of the room, from which the company retired backward. Her husband is the Duke d'Angoulême, the oldest son of the Count d'Artois, the king's brother.

We were next conducted to the presence of the Duke d'Angoulême; a short thin man of extremely ordinary appearance; dressed in the uniform of a colonel of Cavalry, with hussar boots and spurs. He appeared to affect a sort of military freedom and pleasantry in his remarks to the ministers, occasionally breaking into something of a laugh, in striking contrast with the severity that marked the manners of his wife, whom we had just quitted. He conversed with Mr. Gallatin, as the duchess had also done, on a violent gale which had lately visited the northern departments of France. His questions to me were "Have you been long at Paris?" and "are you attached to the Legation of the United States?"

The apartments of the Duke and Duchess d'Angoulême were in the pavilion of Flora, as it is called, the wing of the palace nearest the Seine. We were next conducted across the entire extent of the castle, to the pavilion of Marsan, occupied by the king's brother the Count D'Artois afterwards the successor of Louis XVIII, as Charles the Tenth. He was by far the best looking of the Royal family; in person slight but well made; active and graceful in movement; and (Burke's desideratum for a restored Bourbon), a good horseman. Aware no doubt of the importance of making the most of this hold upon the imaginations of the French populace, he almost lived in the saddle. He would have been thought a man of fair appearance in any society; though his countenance was ordinary and meaningless. He was said to be moderately popular, and more liberal in his political opinions, and more conciliatory in his temper, than his children.

We were next conducted to the apartments of the Duke de Berri the second son of the Count d'Artois;—short and stout in person; hearty in manner, and a good deal better looking than his older brother, the Duke d'Angoulême. He was the only one of the family who spoke to me in English, which he did with ease and a good accent. The late storm still furnished the staple of the conversation; and he repeated the account which his father had given of a violent gale at Versailles, a year or two before, which had blown down a part of the palace.—He was assassinated two years afterwards, in the streets of Paris, at the door of the opera-house, and in the presence of his wife, by a madman named Louvel. Being considered as the hope of the reigning family his death was a very serious blow to its stability, and was consequently ascribed to the procurement of its political enemies, but it seems to have been the work of a feeble intellect thrown from its balance by the violence of party passion.

After having passed round the circle, the Duke de Berri retired for a moment and re-entered with his wife, the daughter of the Prince Royal of Naples, and sister of the present king of that country. She had been married about two years, and was then twenty years old. She looked embarrassed and terrified; and rather crept than walked round the circle, not addressing more than half the Ministers, nor looking them in the face. She wore a dark purple dress with heavy steel ornaments, which gave her a bluish ghostly look. She was attended by three maids of honor, one of whom, by her dazzling beauty and exquisite grace, formed a strange contrast with her mistress.

The Duchess de Berri, notwithstanding her unpromising appearance at this time, is not to be mentioned without respect. When her husband was struck by the assassin, instead of yielding to the terror which, especially in her situation at that time, might well have been pardoned, she sprang from her carriage, and tearing the sash from her waist, strove to bind up the Prince's wounds, from which streams of blood flowed upon her as she held him in her arms. Six months after his death, she gave birth to the Duke de Bordeaux, the present representative of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon, under the name of Henry the Fifth. When that branch fell by the Revolution, which placed the head of the younger branch, the late Louis Philippe, on the throne, she alone displayed the manly qualities, which showed her worthy to have filled it. Long after the male members of the family had gone into exile, she returned to France, traversed the departments openly or in disguise, (in direct opposition to the judgment and wishes of M. de Chateaubriand, M. Berryer and the other responsible leaders of her party) seeking to rally the supporters of the fallen dynasty, and prepare the way for its return. She was closely followed by the police, but so complete and varied were her disguises, and so vigilant and faithful her adherents, that for five months she escaped her pursuers. Sometimes she assumed the dress of a shepherdess, at others that of a miller; at one time she was to all appearance a chambermaid, and then a peasant's wife. Several times she was conveyed to a place of safety wrapped up in a bundle of clothes, on the back of a sturdy porter. At length, thinking herself safer in a large city, she took up her abode at Nantes, where she was betrayed by a converted Jew, who for sometime had served her faithfully and won her confidence. He pointed out the place of her residence to the police; they entered it, but could find no one within. The police was accompanied by masons and other artificers to sound the walls for places of concealment, but none were found. The corner of one of the rooms contained a chimney, in which the *gens-d'armes* had lighted a fire during the night. It had been allowed to go out but was rekindled in the morning. It appeared to the police that some change had been made in the fire-place and chimney during the night, by which the position of the burning fuel was elevated. Voices also were heard behind the chimney. The fire was now increased, and the heat rendered so great, that the Duchess de Berri, with three of her ladies, who were concealed in a hole to which the iron back of the chimney was a sliding door, was obliged to come out and surrender herself. They had remained fifteen hours in this dismal place of concealment!

The above described presentations lasted about two hours. The narrative, after so many years, may seem somewhat arid and uninteresting, but at that time the restoration of the Bourbons, and indeed the stupendous tragedies of the reign of terror were events so recent, as to impart some degree of painful interest, even to a merely ceremonial occasion of this kind. One could not help scrutinizing the features of the Duchess d'Angoulême, to see if they reflected, in any degree, the radiance of that "delightful vision," which kindled the imagination of Burke. Is this stricken woman, whose hard features and tearful eyes awaken mingled aversion and pity, the child of that youthful mother, whom the greatest of modern orators saw and wondered at "just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, splendor and joy?" Is the person, who, twenty-five years ago, was pronounced by Burke to be, notwithstanding some human frailties, a "character full of probity, honor, generosity and real goodnes," excelling Louis XVI "in general knowledge, and in a sharp and keen observation, with something of a better address and a happier mode of speaking and writing; his conversation open, agreeable and well informed; his manner gracious and princely," is he the shattered form that stands before us, advanced in years, laden with infirmities, with little personal dignity and no influence in his government, once driven from the throne to which foreign armies had conducted him, and still holding it by a most precarious tenure? Is all that remains of that Count D'Artois, "eloquent, lively, engaging in the highest degree, of a decided character, full of energy and activity; the brave, honorable, and accomplished cavalier," to be found in that unimposing and insignificant presence, destined in a few years to mount the throne only to be driven from it by his own kinsman into an unpitied exile? Is this timid little foreigner, that scarce sustains herself as she makes the circuit of her drawing-room, destined to be the main stay and hope of the oldest of the Royal Houses of Europe;—and we may now, after the event, well exclaim with astonishment, is she, daughter of one crown prince, wife of another, to strive in vain, in two years, to stanch her husband's life-blood as it flows beneath the assassin's dagger; and is she literally doomed in twelve years more to pass through a fiery furnace in order to escape the pursuers who are dogging her by order of her Royal relative, who has seated himself on the throne, to which her son is the "legitimate" heir? What a shocking sight for men and angels, a widowed mother of the presumptive heir to the throne of France half baked alive, not under Marat, Danton, or Robespierre, but under the reign of a wise and clement prince, her Kinsman!

KATRINA HUYLER:

A BALLAD OF BERGEN.

I

Swift flow the streams of Bergen
Through grove and bend and nook;
In liquid silver melts Crumb Kill,
Pinhorne leaps fast to turn its mill—
But not like these, Dead Brook.

The star-leaved liquidambars
Stand thickly on its banks;
The scented grass springs thick below
While near it martial cedars grow,
Arranged in frowning ranks.

With movement slow and sullen
It creeps through gloomy glades,
Until it nears the Hudson shore,
When, frighted at the river's roar,
It leaps the Palisades.

And as in summer twilight,
Upon its side I stray,
I see a curling mist arise,
And shape itself, before mine eyes,
Into an old man grey.

His feet are in the water,
His arms are bare and brown:
And from a round hole in his head,
A tiny current, scarlet red,
Is slowly trickling down.

A shadow in the shadows
Is he, and gossips say,
It is his doom to lave his feet,
Through winter's cold and summer's heat,
Until the judgment-day.

II.

Fort Washington was taken,
And so our force fell back;—
Retreating in a sullen mood,
They crossed the English Neighborhood,(a)
With Clinton on their track.

On all sides spread in triumph,
The hirelings of the king;
The Briton, chiefest of our foes,
The Hessian, and, far worse than those,
The Tory scatterling.

Sad were the honest farmers
To scowling silence bound;
For want to some and woe to some
Who dared to speak, made others dumb,
And terror floated round.

Dirck Huyler lived at Tinack(b)
And had one blooming child,
With eyes of dreamy violet-blue,
And cheeks, of delicate rose-leaf hue,
That dimpled when she smiled.

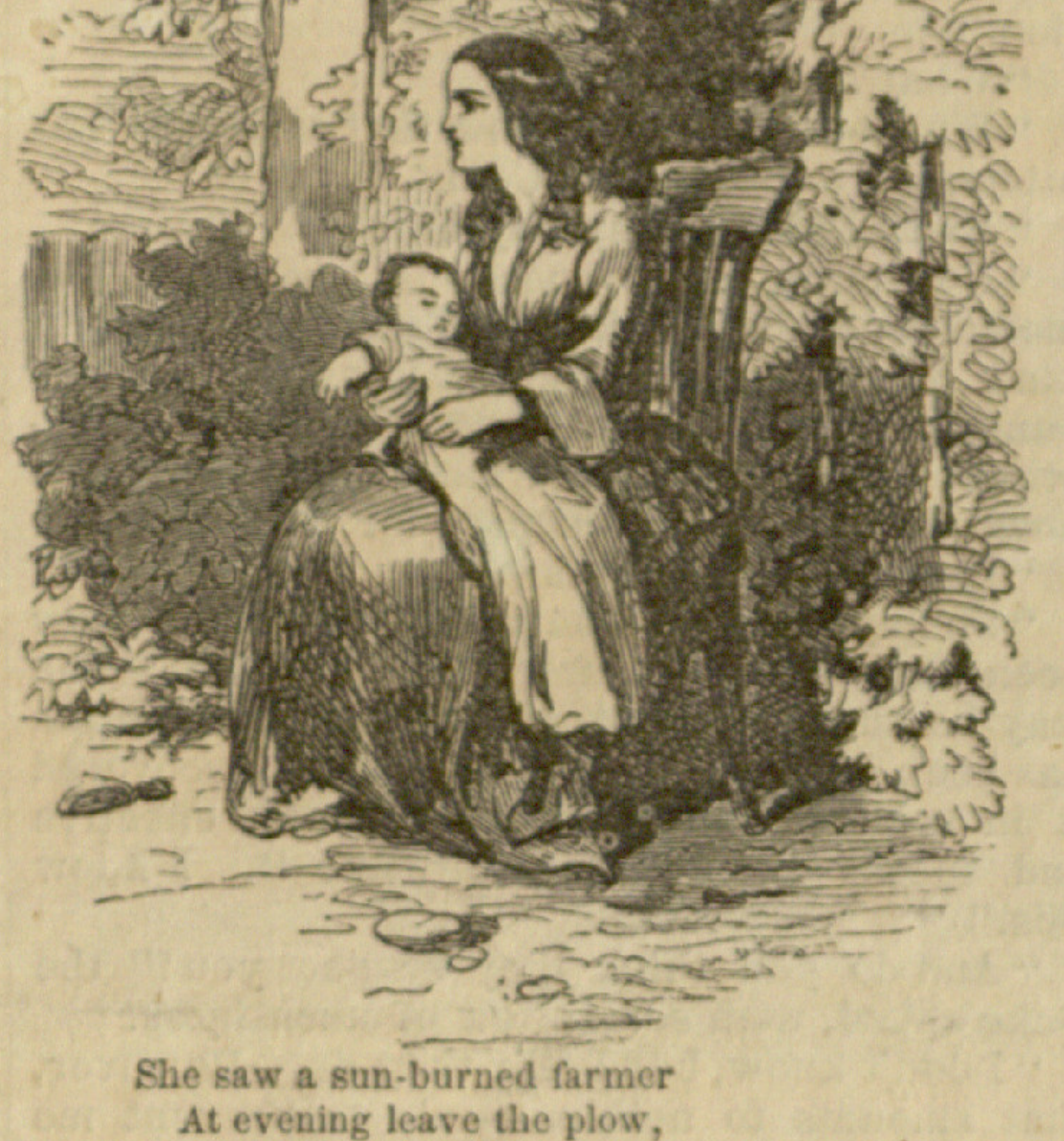
All loved the fair Katrina,
Not for her face alone,
But for her kind and winning ways,
The day-dawn of her upturned gaze,
And her voice's rippling tone.

Yet there was one who loved her
Far dearer than the rest—
Whose words made melody for her,
Whose very name sufficed to stir
The quiet of her breast.

But he, that stalwart lover,
Was out against the Crown,
To fight the battles of the free,
Ride in the Legion bold of Lee,
And share in its renown.

He fought in many battles,
And she at home remained,
Waiting till heaven would bless the cause,
And war its bitter work give pause,
With independence gained.

She sat at home with pictures
Wherein her eyes could see,
A farm-house with its sanded floor,
A matron seated at the door,
With a babe upon her knee.



She saw a sun-burned farmer
At evening leave the plow,
She saw him at the door-step stand,
And with his brown and hardened hand
Wipe off his dusty brow.

She saw that youthful matron
The babe hold for his kiss;
She knew the faces of the twain—
Not the first maid who dreamed in vain
Of early wedded bliss.

Thus dwelt she with her fancies
Long weary day on day;
Building her castles in the air,
Wherein she was the lady fair—
The lord was far away.

III.

Dirck Huyler's red-roofed farm house
Stood by the Knowe Val Kill.(c)
Which ever in a crooked thread
Of crystal, o'er its pebbly bed
Crept cautiously and still.

Quaint were the queer old porches
Of knotty cedar formed;
Quaint were the walls of greenstone; quaint
The pendent eaves devoid of paint
Wherein the brown wasps swarmed.

Thitherward in the autumn,
Upon a pleasant day,
When Indian summer hazed the skies,
And leaves had lost their many dyes,
A soldier made his way.

He was a Hessian trooper,
His name was never known;
He found the farmer's daughter there,
Katrina, with the yellow hair,
Spinning her flax alone.

Her father in the forest
Was wielding maul and axe,
Cleaving the chestnut rails, while she
Singing alone, drew merrily
The threads of silver flax.

Some saw the trooper enter,
Some saw him go away;
But long from human ken was hid
What caused the deed the Hessian did
Upon that fearful day.

Ah, woe to old Dirck Huyler!
When that day's toil was o'er,
What sight of fear was his to see!
What horrible pang was his when he
Entered the farm-house door!

For there his darling daughter
Beside the hearthstone lay;
A gash in her breast from a deadly knife,
Through which her young and innocent life
Had slowly crept away.

They laid her in the meadow,
And o'er her raised a stone;
And, slain by anguish and despair,
They placed her poor old father there,
Ere summer grass had grown.

IV.

The days of strife were over,
Peace waved her creamy hand;
Grant Ackerson, with many scars,
Came home in safety from the wars,
And tilled his father's land.

He soon forgot Katrina,
And took another bride;
And time rolled on, and in its whirl
Brought many a lovely boy and girl
To stand his hearth beside.

That wife, those dark-eyed daughters,
His curly-headed boys,—
These seemed to yield him no delight;
For avarice still was there to blight
All dear domestic joys.

Ah, well was it, Katrina,
The ruffian took thy life!
Thy living dying had begun,
Had such a stern and gloomy one
Made thee his wretched wife.

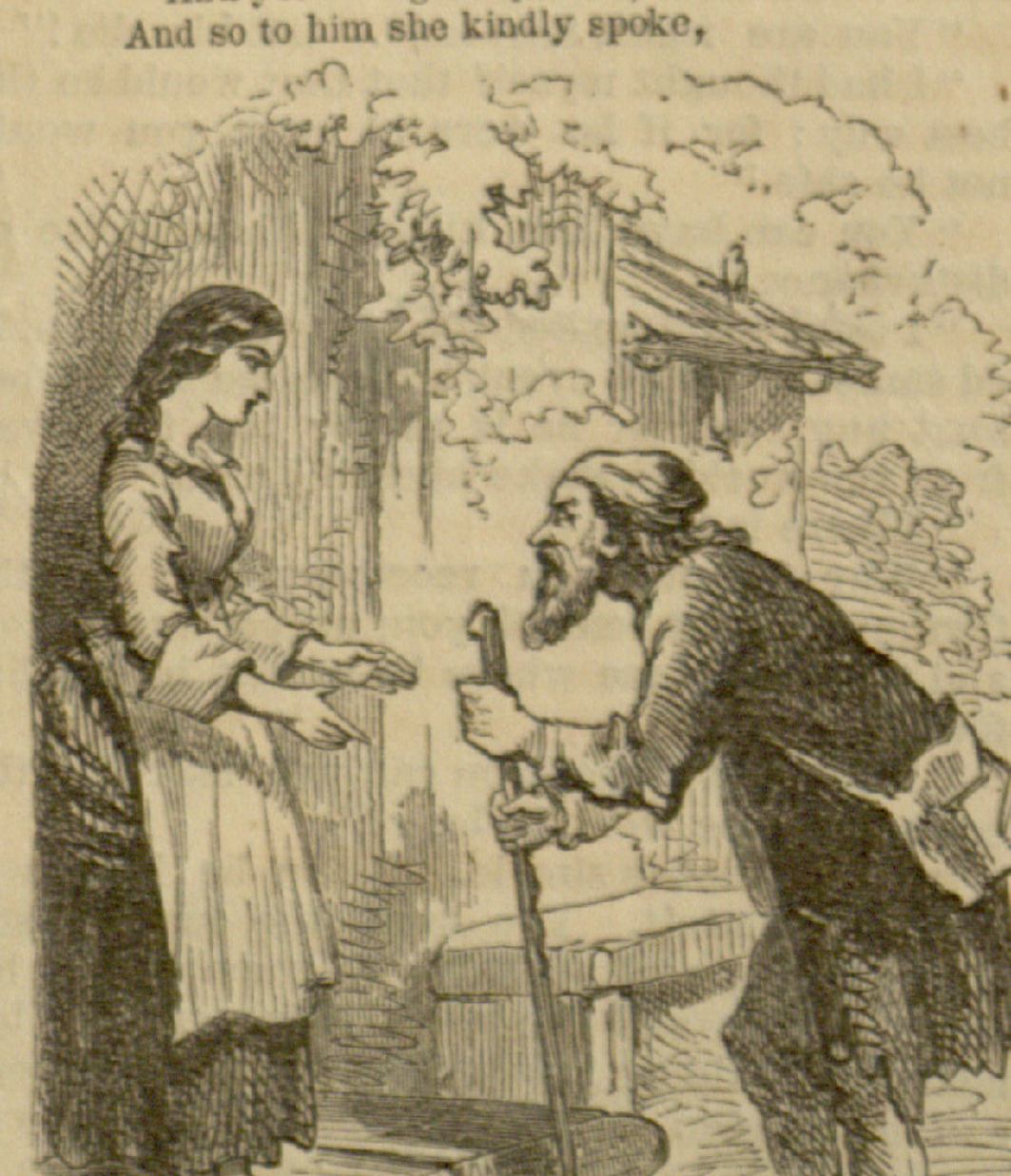
He never could have loved thee,
That gloomy man and grim;
He was by nature far too cold;
The hot pursuit of yellow gold
Was love enough for him.

V.

One evening in November,
A traveler old and grey,
Whom no one there had seen before,
Came through the meadow to the door,
Saying he'd lost the way.

Grant Ackerson's young daughter,
The eldest one of three,
Showed him a path the family took,
Which joined the road that crossed Dead Brook,
And ended at Fort Lee.

She saw that he was hungry,
And yet to beg too proud;
And so to him she kindly spoke,



As, leaning on his staff of oak,
He stood, with body bowed—
"Old man, you must be weary;
Father is off to mill;
The supper on the board is spread,
And you may sit there in his stead,
And welcome, if you will."

Thanked her the old man humbly—
"'Twill do me good," he said;
"For I have traveled far to-day,
And since I started on my way
I have not tasted bread."

VI.

Fastly the old man feasted:—
The younger children laughed,
And trod on one another's feet
To note how much the man could eat,
And what huge draughts he quaffed.

And when the meal was over,
The mother bade him stay
And rest himself awhile, ere he
Across the brook, and to Fort Lee
Took up his weary way.

Then in the chimney corner,
Within the great arm-chair,
The old man sat, and soon he slept,
While the flickering fire-light came and crept
Upon his silver hair.

VII.

Some men in sleep are talkers,
And such was he that night;
And as he spoke the children there
Stopped first to laugh and then to stare,
And then to quiver in fright.

They gathered from his language,
That, in the olden time,
He had a Hessian soldier been,
And in his life had battle seen,
And many a fearful crime.

And presently, though sleeping,
Uprose his thin hair grey,
Shivering with abject terror there,
He pressed his back against the chair,
As he would shrink away.

"Begone, Katrina Huyler!
Back! glare not thus at me!
Keep hence thy lover grim and fierce,
Who aims with ball my brain to pierce,
On the brook-side at Fort Lee."

Contorted were his features,
The foam oozed from his lips;
For fiends, that with his waking slept,
Now waking with his slumber, crept
Upon him with their whips.

Then terror seemed to soften—
He saw the past again:
Through thirty years the days came back,
While tear-floods down the wrinkles' track,
Ran like the floods of rain.

"Release me, silly woman!
I do not mean thee harm;
But this that I have stolen is mine;
So take away that hand of thine,
And quickly, from mine arm.

"Mad girl! thy clutch abandon,
And let me hence depart!
Or by the gold that here I hold,
And by the fiend to whom I'm sold,
I'll stab thee to the heart!

"Oh, moment dark and bloody!
Thus ever do I see
Katrina, with her yellow hair,
And blood-drops on her bosom fair,
Look piteously on me."

Thus saying, he awakened—
Sleep and remorse were o'er;
Around upon the group he gazed;
While they looked silent and amazed,
As strode he to the door.

"My feet in yonder waters
I'll lave ere rest I gain;
Who bathes his feet the easier walks—"
Ah, wretched man! behind thee stalks
The Avenger of the slain!

VIII.

In came from mill the father—
"Why! what to you befel,
That all of you so much are stirred?"—
They told him then what they had heard
The crazy old man tell.

Grant Ackerson glared fiercely,
But nothing had to say,
His rifle from its hooks he took,
And to the slow and sluggish brook
At once he made his way.

There sat the grey-haired stranger,
His feet the water stirred;
Grant Ackerson a fine bead drew;
His arms in air the Hessian threw,
Then fell without a word.(d)

Grant saw the slain Katrina,
Before his vision glide;
She moved toward the cedar glades
That skirt the rocky Palisades—
"I come, dear love," he cried.

IX.

Some neighbors, who, the Hudson
Next morn were crossing o'er,
Beheld the corse of Ackerson,
Face upwards to the morning sun
Lying upon the shore.

Concealed within his bosom
And closely nestled there,
Were found, bound by a true-blue band,
Worn letters in Katrina's hand,
And a lock of yellow hair.

The Hessian slain was buried
In the spot whereon he died;
But every night may those who look
At twilight on the dark Dead Brook,
Behold him at its side.

His feet are in the water,
His arms are bare and brown;
And from a round hole in his head,
A tiny current, scarlet red,
Is slowly trickling down.

(a) It bears that name yet, and extends for several miles along the Overpeck, or Anneck, or English creek—for it is difficult to discover the real name of this branch of the Hackensack.

(b) So spelled by André, in "The Cow-chase," and in the old maps, I believe. Nowadays, it is mostly written Teaneck.

(c) White-wood creek. The spot was a famous resort for the Indians, who made divers utensils from the white-wood timber on its banks.

(d) The brook which runs down the ravine between Fort Constitution and Fort Lee has a spot, where it is said a Hessian soldier was shot while eating his dinner. This is probably a different version of the same tradition.

NEW YORK POLITENESS.

Your New York man is always gallant; given to too prolonged a stare, perhaps, when a pretty face, framed in a pretty bonnet, passes him. But this may be forgiven, when he nearly breaks his neck for every woman who gets into the same omnibus, trying to hand up her fare, counting her change carefully, rising to close or open a window for her, or offering to change seats with her when this is impracticable, and the sun, or wind, or rain, incommode her. I have seen them good-naturedly jump from the omnibus, with a parcel some lady had left, and then return to it, out of breath perhaps, but pleased and happy to have rendered this service. I have seen them rise often, when two ladies came in together, and take a seat in another place that companions need not be separated. Therefore, ladies, do not grudge such chivalric gentlemen a look at your bright faces, jealously pulling down "those odious veils," nor be chary of the smile and bow which should always reward a kind act. Let the gallant New Yorker, and all other gallant men, who are kind, courteous and respectful to women, receive always your smiling thanks.

FANNY FERN.

THE DIVINE LOVE.

How beautifully has Science and Art shown that there is a latent divine love for man in those things which his ignorance would inevitably regard as terrible enemies! Many of the most noxious gases have been converted by human skill into the most valuable servants. See how fire, so awful, so terrible, so destructive when misunderstood or uncontrolled, conduces to the advantage of our race. The savage trembles before a large volume of steam; but the civilized man lays his hand on it as a master, and it wafts him on missions of wealth, or benevolence, or instruction, around the world. Through centuries the lightning was regarded as an absolute foe to our race, but science has shown that in its fierce nature lies a force which is a Providential blessing.

You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests there.

While you are meditating revenge for a real or fancied injury, the devil is meditating another cord around your soul.

COMMON JOYS.

BY C. D. STUART.

Our common joys, O what are they?
The brightest and the best;
They glad us in our busy walks,
Are with us when we rest;
An angel band, they hover 'round
In waking and in dream,
And o'er our hearts in saddest hours
They shed a golden beam.

Our common joys, O what are they
But blessings felt within,
For smallest deeds of goodness done
Amid a world of sin?
The mite we give the child of want,
The slightest word of cheer
That lifts a heart with sorrow bowed,
Or dries a falling tear.

Our common joys, O what are they?
The priceless pearls and gold
Which memory sifts upon the heart
When life is growing old;
The thought that we have treasured up—
Where nought can steal away—
The consciousness of doing good
With every passing day.

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;

OR,

VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF

THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PLOTTER IS AT WORK.

The Count Conrad Damonoff, was able to sit up. He was in a great stuffed chair, playing with a favorite dog, while near by him sat Stephen Urzen. The young nobleman had gained rapidly since the visit of Ruric, for the antidotes he had taken had proved efficient, and he soon came back to the point he had reached before the administering of the poison.

"Stephen," he said, pushing his dog gently from him, "has anything been heard yet from Ruric Nevel?"

"Not that I know of," returned Urzen.

"Oh, I wish I were able to assist in the search. But have you heard anything of what suspicions may be afloat?"

"Only that the hump-backed priest is looked upon by some as having had some hand in it."

"Ha—and how does suspicion point towards him?"

"Why—in no direct way, I believe. I cannot understand it. All I know is, he is suspected."

The Count pondered a few moments, and he thought he could see it. Urzen did not know the secret of his friend's strange relapse, for that had been kept private; so he had no clue to the priest's true character such as the Count possessed.

"I believe the fellow is a villain," Urzen resumed. "He is surely a villanous looking man."

"So he is," responded the Count.

"I never saw such a wicked look before in any human face."

"Ah," uttered a voice close by the door. "Who comes in for the flattering remark, my friend?"

Both the Count and Stephen turned, and the hump-backed priest himself stood in their presence.

"Ha!" he uttered, as he noticed the position of the invalid. "Up? So—you are recovering?"

"Aye," returned Conrad, "I am gaining fast now, as you may see."

The priest struggled hard with his feelings, and at length he managed to conceal the deep disappointment he felt. That is—he hid it from Stephen's eyes, but the Count knew him too well.

"You have not been very punctual of late, father," the latter said, also trying to conceal his real feelings.

"No—no," returned Savotano, in a perplexed maner. "I admit it; but the fact is, I have been called away. Let's see—I have not been here since the evening on which I found a stranger sitting by your side while you were asleep."

"Who was the stranger?"

"I don't know. I think I never saw him before. He was a good looking young man. Perhaps he was some relative of yours."

This downright falsehood—so bold and flagrant—astonished even the Count, for he knew the conversation which the priest had held with Ruric on that occasion. And quick as lightning, too, went the thought to the sick man's mind that this was to hide the probability of his being suspected in connection with Ruric's disappearance.

"I thought you knew that man," the Count said, looking the priest sharply in the face.

"No. I may have seen him before, but I did not surely recognize him then. I asked him why he was here, but he would not answer me save by urging me to silence. Who was he, my son?"

The Count was at first inclined not to answer, but he thought better of it, and finally told the priest that it was Ruric Nevel. The villain seemed much surprised at this, and professed to wonder why the fellow should come to *that* place. Urzen, who knew nothing of the falsehood which rested under all this questioning, went on and explained the nature of Ruric's mission, and its result. And thereupon Savotano expressed a wondrous degree of joy and gratification; and he presumed even to bless God that such a reconciliation had taken place.

"And now," the priest resumed, after this matter had been disposed of, "how happened this sudden change in your disease, my son? The doctors thought you dying when I was here last."

"Yes—I know," answered the Count, still hiding the deep disgust that moved within him; "but a new physican was called in, and he prescribed a new medicine. He said the medicine I had been taking was unsuited to my case, and so he gave me new. You can see the result."

"Yes—I see," was the reply; "and as you seem to have very good company I'll take my leave. I have several calls to make before night."

The Count made no reply to this, and as the priest found that he was not urged to remain he arose at once. He stopped twice before he reached the door, but in neither case did he speak. As soon as he gained the street he turned towards the upper part of the city, and he stopped not until he had reached the palace of the Duke of Tula. The old porter admitted him without question, and he made his way at once to the hall, where he inquired for the Duke. One of the servants went in search of his master, and when he returned he bade the priest follow him.

The Duke was in his private room, and as soon as the servant had withdrawn he bade his visitor take a seat.

"Now, Savotano, how is it?" he asked, "have you seen the Count?"

"Aye—I am from there now. By all that's bad, my lord, the villain is gaining."

"Gaining?" repeated Olga, with surprise. "But you assured me he was well nigh gone."

"So he was—so he was. But he is recovering now."

"But how is it?"

"Why—he tells me he had a new physician, and that the old medicine was all condemned, and an entire new course prescribed."

"And under this new treatment he is recovering, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well—have you not taken some measures to fix this new medicine? Savotano, you must not let him slip now."

"Ah, my lord, I have only told you how *he* explained the matter. *I* have another explanation."

"What is it, sir priest?"

"Why—they simply know that some one has attempted to poison the Count."

"Ha! Did they say anything?"

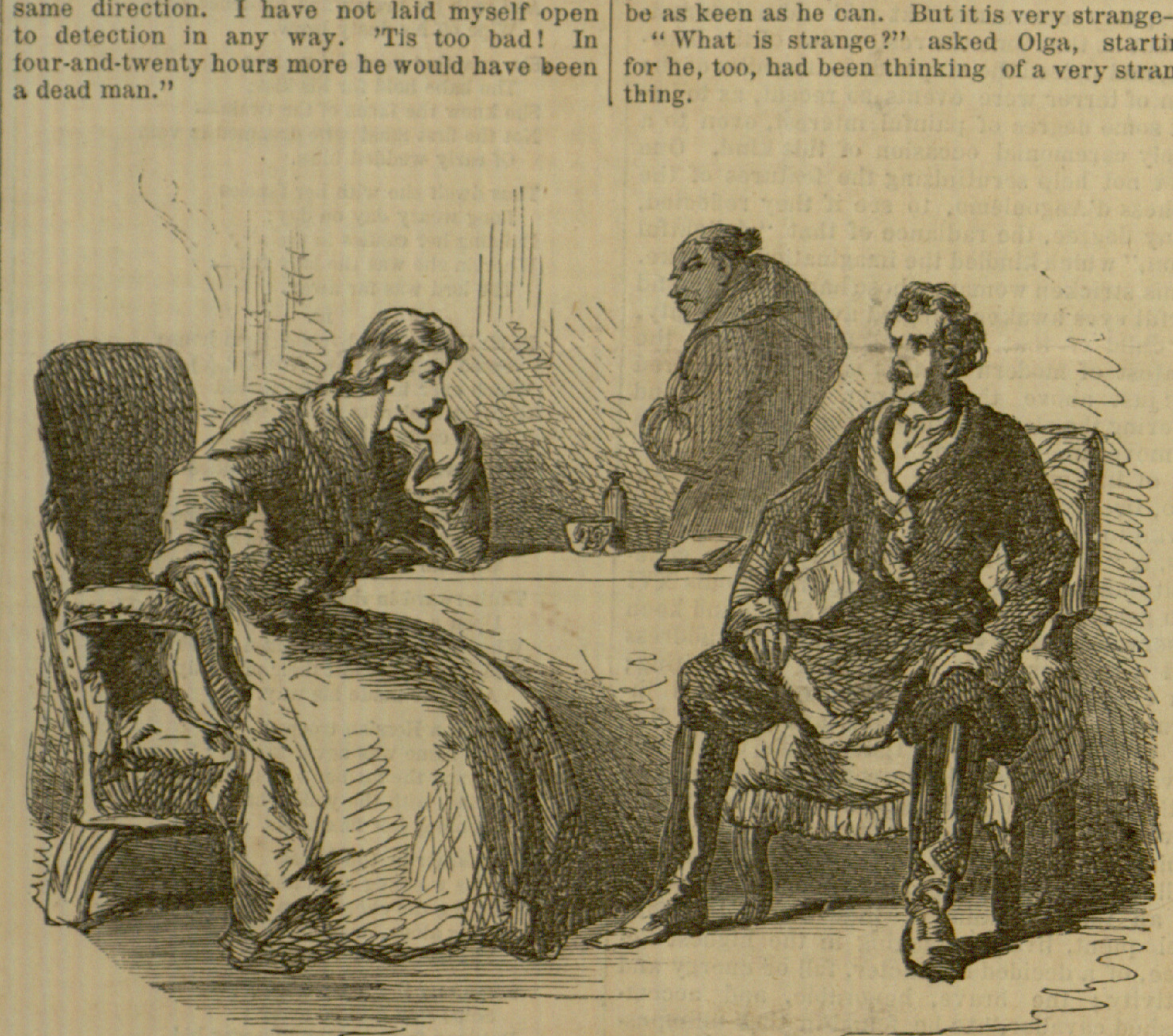
"No—there was no need. I know that the medicine he was taking before was the right kind of medicine, so far as it came from the hands of the surgeon. And then there is another thing: The Count must have had some powerful antidote on purpose for the poison."

"How do you know that?"

"Simply because he would not have now been alive had not such been the case. You may be sure, my lord, that they know poison has been administered. They have discovered it in some way, and taken the most effective and speedy method to overcome it. I know this."

"And do you think they suspect you?" the Duke asked, with some show of uneasiness.

"I don't know, but I fear they do. However, that amounts to nothing—only to prevent me from working any farther at present in the same direction. I have not laid myself open to detection in any way. 'Tis too bad! In four-and-twenty hours more he would have been a dead man."



A. BOBBETT, SC.

"Then you know when the discovery was made?"

"Yes—on the afternoon before Ruric Nevel was captured. I was there just before night, and the gunmaker was then there, and I noticed that the phials were gone from the table, though I gave no signs then of having noticed it. They had even then commenced some treatment for his cure, for I could see that the appearance of his skin had changed. You must not blame me."

"I do not, Savotano. But there may be some way left yet."

"O, yes,—there are a hundred ways in which we can dispose of him. But I may find some way yet before he gets out.

"Look ye," the Duke said, after a short pondering over his own thoughts, "you must watch every chance. Something may turn up in our favor. You may find some opportunity to finish him yet. I wish you could."

"I will do all I can; be sure of that. I shall watch narrowly. And now about the other one. Young Nevel is safe, and can be disposed of at any moment. I have let him live thus far because I had no orders otherwise."

"Aye—that was right," replied Olga; and as he did so he arose and commenced to pace the room. The priest followed him with his eyes, but said nothing. At length the Duke stopped and looked Savotano in the face.

"It would not be a difficult case to kill him?" he uttered, in a low whisper.

"Not at all. Nothing could be more easy."

"And could detection ensue?"

"In no possible way."

"Then—"

"Listen:" spoke the hump-back, as Olga hesitated. "I strongly suspect that 'twas this same gunmaker that led to the investigation of that medicine; and if it was he, then you will be more quickly suspected than I shall."

"Ha! Why think you so?"

"Because he is a fellow of wondrous wit and intelligence, and can see without being told. He has had several conferences here, and it was from here that he went direct to the Count's residence. He knows by this time why the duel was hatched up, and if he has half the mind I give him credit for he will know that you are at the bottom of the poisoning business. I am sure of this."

"You are right, Savotano. Let him die!"

"I had thought myself that that would be the best way; for if he were at large you would not be safe."

"You can have him killed without noise or disturbance?"

"I think so," replied the priest, with a wicked smile. "At all events, his noise would not hurt any one, for he is rather too far away from the world to make himself heard."

"Where is he?"

"Why—where you recommended: In the furtherest vault beneath your old bathing-house; and that is a place where he cannot be readily found."

"And what disposition can you make of the body after the work is done?"

"Why—that is simple. It can be hidden in the old conduit. You know the conduit still exists there, and probably in some places between there and the river it is perfect; but near the building it is all in ruins. The body can be hidden so far in, that no stench can come from it in summer time even to those in the vault itself. So you see that is easy."

"Then let the work be done at once—say to-night."

"To-morrow night, my lord, will do as well for I am engaged to-night."

"Very well—let it be to-morrow night. But mind—this is settled. There is no more question about this affair. When I see you again I trust you will have no reason to offer why Ruric Nevel has not been disposed of."

"You need have no ears on that head, my lord. You may consider that the gunmaker is dead."

"Right! So let it be."

And thus did the stout Duke dispose of Ruric Nevel!

Again Olga took a turn across the room, and when he stopped there was a dark cloud upon his brow.

"Savotano," he said, "there is one more man whom I at least would be assured is not *in* my way. I mean that infernal monk."

"I saw him this morning, my lord, and I am sure he is watching me. And he is not alone. He has others with him. I have been followed, and one of my men—the one who entrapped Nevel—told me, not two hours ago, that he knew his steps had been followed."

"And do you think this monk is at the bottom of it?" asked the Duke, with some uneasiness.

"I know it, for I have seen him when I knew he was watching me."

"Then why have you not got him out of the way?"

"Aha," uttered the priest, with a dubious shake of the head, "we cannot always do as we would. But he shall not live long—if I can help him off; and I think the opportunity may offer itself."

"He is a bold fellow. Why—I found him only yesterday in my own palace—in the chamber of the Countess."

"Indeed! And could you not have disposed of him then?"

"Not well. It was in broad day, and people were about. But if I find him there again my sword shall find his heart. I have given him legal warning. But," continued the Duke, after some further thought, "you must be careful in your dealings with him. He may have some organized band always about him."

"I will be caught in no trap," returned the priest, confidently. "He shall find that I can be as keen as he can. But it is very strange—"

"What is strange?" asked Olga, starting, for he, too, had been thinking of a very strange thing.

"Why—that this black monk should turn up here in Moscow so suddenly, and commence, the first thing, to dog my foot-steps, and hang about your palace."

"Aye," responded Olga. "And the same thought was in my mind when you spoke. But never mind—he shall not escape me if he presumes much more. They shall know that the Duke of Tula is not to be trifled with. There is but one power in Moscow above mine, and that is the Emperor himself; and I may say that even he is not above me. He cannot get along without me. Does anything turn up to puzzle him he sends straight-way for me."

"Then use your power for your own good, my lord."

"I will. Fear not for me on that score."

At this juncture the priest arose to take his leave.

"You have your instructions," said Olga.

"I Remember them well, my lord—and they shall be carried out to the letter."

"And when done, let me know."

"I will obey."

And once more the mis-shapen priest was in the street, and the Duke was alone.

"Ah, my lord," muttered the pliant tool to himself, as he walked thoughtfully along, "you may be a little too confident of your own power. I have known such things in Russia!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MYSTIC TRIBUNAL.

Away back of the old cathedral of Moscow, and in a narrow, dark court which was overlooked by the towers of the giant edifice, stood a curiously constructed stone building, which, though not connected bodily with the cathedral, yet seemed to belong to it. It was low and broad, with a flat, tiled roof, and without a visible window. Within one of the apartments of this building—an apartment away down in the bowels of the earth, where the light of day never came—were seated six men. The room was of fair size, and the floor, the walls and the ceiling were of dark stone. Wooden benches were arranged about the place; and there were some other articles of furniture there, too—strange contrivances they were, and fashioned after various shapes and patterns. But of that anon. The place was lighted by a large hanging lamp, which had just power enough to make the room gloomy and dismal. The six men sat about a table, on which were a book and sword, and the most prominent man there was Valdimir the Monk!

And Valdimir alone exposed his face. All the rest wore black masks, their robes being of the same melancholy hue. They sat there silent as death, Valdimir gazing down upon the table, and the other five gazing fixedly upon him. They were stout men, all of them, and they bore themselves towards Valdimir as bears a servant to his acknowledged master.

"The hour is waxing late," said Valdimir, at length looking up from the table. His voice sounded in that place like the echo of a tomb. It was low and hollow, and the others started as they heard it.

"There's time yet to spare, master," replied one who sat next the monk.

"I trust we shall not be disappointed," said Valdimir, at the expiration of a few moments more.

To this no answer was returned.

At length there came a dull echo from overhead, and the six dark sitters started up to listen. The sound grew louder, and soon it sent down into that dismal chamber the notes of coming footsteps. In a few moments more the heavy iron door creaked upon its hinges, and three men entered, and soon behind them came three more. Those who came in advance were two of them leading the third as a prisoner. And so it was with those behind. The iron door creaked again, and when the heavy bolts had been shoved into their sockets, the two prisoners were led forward.

"Master," spoke one of the new-comers, "we have brought the prisoners—two of them—as you commanded."

"It is well," said Valdimir. "Let them be brought before us!"

As the two men are brought where the light can strike upon their faces we see the two guides who conducted Ruric Nevel to his place of confinement. One of them was he who met Ruric in the street, and the other is the one who guided him into the old bath house with the lantern in his hand. They shuddered fearfully as they gazed around upon the dismal scene, and their looks plainly showed that they knew not why they had been brought thither.

"*Lesko Totma!*" pronounced Valdimir.

The first of the prisoners—he who had met Ruric in the street—started as he heard that name, and tried to speak.

"Are you the man?" asked the monk, looking into his face.

"Yes, holy father," the wretch tremblingly replied.

"Then stand you here in front of me."

The fellow was moved up in front of the table, and surprise and fear seemed to be struggling for the mastery over him, for he recognized now the strange monk about whom he had probably heard so much.

"Lesko Totma," said Valdimir, lowly and slowly, "you have been seen much in the company of a hump-backed priest named Savotano. You know such a priest, do you not?"

The man hesitated. He gazed furtively about him, and trembled more than before.

"Answer me!"

"Yes, sir,—I know him."

"And now, sir, be sure that you answer me directly and truly. Do you know a young gunmaker, named Ruric Nevel?"

The fellow started with a perceptible quake as this question was asked, but he seemed to have been prepared for it, for his answer was direct.

"No, sir—I do not."

"Ha—beware! Think well, before you speak."

"If you mean the man who fought the duel with the Count Damonoff, then I have heard of him; but I do not know that I ever saw him."

"You are sure of this?"

"Of course I am."

"*Frederick Viska!*"

The second prisoner now came forward. He was a few years younger than his companion, though somewhat larger, and evidently more bold. Totma was conducted out of the apartment as Viska came forward.

"You, too, have been in the company of this priest, Savotano, have you not?" the monk asked.

"I know him," the fellow replied, with a slight touch of defiance in his tone. He had not surely looked about him to see those strange contrivances by which he was surrounded, or he would not have ventured such a tone.

"And you have been some in his company?"

"Perhaps so."

"Very well. And now do you not also know Ruric Nevel?"

"I have seen him, too, sir."

"And now—can you tell me where he is at this present time?"

"No," was the answer, short and quick.

"Beware! If you have any regard for your own welfare you will answer me truly.—Where is Ruric Nevel?"

"I tell you I know nothing about him—nothing at all."

"And of this you are sure?"

"Who are you that assume to question me thus? I know you not."

Viska spoke this in a tone of virtuous indignation, probably thinking that that turn might serve him.

"We will let you into the secret by-and-by," the monk returned, with a peculiar shake of the head. "But I will ask you once more: Do you know where Nevel is?"

"*No!*"

"You need not speak quite so loud. We hear easily."

"Then don't ask me impertinent questions," retorted the prisoner.

Valdimir started half way up, and his fists were clenched; but the quick flush passed from his face, and he sat back again.

"Look ye," he said, as soon as he was sure his anger would not manifest itself, "were I not sure that you know what I ask, I would not question you thus. And now, once more, I ask you—Will you give me some clue to the whereabouts of Ruric Nevel?"

"I'll answer you once more. I know nothing about him. You must not think that this dark place, and you men all dressed in black, can frighten me into telling a lie, as it would a child."

At this point Valdimir turned to one of his men—one of those who helped bring the prisoners in—and said—

"You know this to be the man?"

"Yes, my master."

"And you have seen him in private confab with the hump-backed priest?"

"I have."

"And the other things you told me are true?"

"They are, master."

"Then let down those *interpreters*."

At this command two of the attendants moved to the back side of the room, where they unhooked a stout chain from the wall, and as they allowed it to slide through their hands, a curious piece of machinery descended directly in front of the table. It consisted of a stout bar of iron, which was suspended midway upon the chain, and there rested parallel with the ceiling. Upon each end of this bar were straps of iron, armed with springs and screws. At a motion from the monk the prisoner was led back till he stood directly beneath the bar, and then his arms were seized and raised up. He struggled some, and cursed more, but he was soon overcome. The iron bands were passed around his wrists, and connected with these were two small cups which were slipped over the thumbs. After these had been firmly secured the chain was tightened, and the fellow's hands were raised far above his head. There were two results produced by tightening the chain: It not only tended to draw the thumbs back upon the wrists, but it also twisted the thumb, the two cups being armed with file-like teeth within, and closing tightly upon the flesh.

"Now, sir," spoke Valdimir, lowly and deeply, "I am going to ask those questions again, and you will do well to answer them truly. Will you tell me where Ruric Nevel is?"

"I don't know."

"Will you tell me where you saw him last?"

"I haven't seen him since he fought the duel with Damonoff."

"Beware!"

"I have not."

"Mark me: I have had you watched, and I know that you have seen Nevel within these three days. This I *know*, so I have no hesitation in the course I am about to pursue. Once more— Where is Ruric Nevel?"

The man hesitated now; but his answer was still the same. He would not tell.

Valdimir made a motion to the two men who stood by the wall, and they gave a pull upon the chain.

"Oh—oh!" gasped the prisoner, as the painful twist and wrench came upon his thumbs.

"Will you answer?"

"How can I? How can I?"

"By speaking what you know."

"I know nothing."

Another signal was made to the men at the chain, and they pulled again. Another groan from the prisoner, but no response.

Another signal—and another pull.

"Mercy!" shrieked the poor wretch, quivering with pain.

"Will you answer?"

"I don't know."

"Then we must try again."

"No, no,—Oh, no more!"

"But you must answer."

"I don't know."

"Then you must have forgotten, and such treacherous memories need starting up."

As Valdimir thus spoke he waved his hand again.

"Oh! God have mercy! Oh-o-o! Save me! Save me!"

"Save yourself."

The wretch was in torment now without ceasing. Nearly the whole of his weight bore upon his wrists and thumbs, and the latter were drawn over almost to the wrist. But he would not answer. He had a deeper fear than this. He feared to break the horrid oaths by which he was bound to the scheming priest.

One more pull upon the chain, and the man's feet were clear of the floor. His whole weight now bore wrenchingly upon his thumbs, and he groaned in the agony of torture. He bore it a few moments, but his coward soul could bear no more.

"Oh, mercy! Down! down! Let me down!"

"But answer. Where is Ruric Nevel?"

"I—I—don't——"

"Hold, thou false-hearted villain!" shouted Valdimir, in a voice of thunder. "This is the last of this torture; but when we take you from here we can put you into a state compared with which the pain you now experience is real joy! Each particular limb shall be wrenched out of shape, and your very eyes shall start out like——"

"Down! down! Oh have mercy! down!"

"*Where is Ruric Nevel?*"

"I'll tell you—I'll tell if you spare me!"

"Tell me first!"

There was a moment more of hesitation—one single moment—and then the miserable wretch gave up.

"He's in the old bath-house."

"Ha!—Where?"

"In the old bath, near the river—on the Tula pass—in one of the vaults!"

"Very well.—Let him down."

The chain was slacked up, and Frederick Viska was once more upon his feet. He trembled yet, for there was pain in his arms.

"Now carry him out," ordered Valdimir, "and bring the other one in."

In a few moments more Lesko Totma was before the strange tribunal. He trembled fearfully, for he had been where he could hear his companion's groans without hearing what he said.

"Lesko Totma," spoke the monk, in a low, deep tone, "we have given you time for thought, and mayhap you have your memory brightened by this time. Now where is Ruric Nevel?"

"I don't know."

"Ah—you still forget, eh?"

"I never knew."

"A most strange forgetfulness, I must confess. Let the *interpreters* be adjusted!"

"Oh—mercy! Don't murder me!"

But no notice was taken of his cries. The straps and conical cups were adjusted, and the chain drawn tight. At the first turn of the self-acting screw the fellow shrieked. It was not so much with present pain as with the fear of what was to come. The very presage of the place, so dark and dismal, had more effect upon his mind than it had had upon his companion."

At a second pull of the chain he groaned and begged for mercy. He had heard of this dark place, and he fancied that men who came there seldom went away alive.

"Hark ye, you base wretch," the monk said, "If you do not tell me where the young gunmaker is, I'll have you torn limb from limb! Another pull, there!"

As the wrench came again the villain fairly shouted with pain.

"Oh! Let me go! Let me go! I'll tell all!"

"Then tell. You leave not this place alive until you have told!"

"He is—— Oh! he is—in the old bath!"

"Where?"

"The Duke's bath—on the pass of Tula!"

"Whereabouts there?"

"In the lowest, furthest vault. Oh! Spare!"

Valdimir waved his hand, and the quaking wretch was freed from his torture.

Now conduct them both to the dungeons, and lock them up. They must not run at large for the present. Let them be secure."

"No, no," cried Viska, who had been brought back. "You were to let me go if I told you."

"Not free, sir," said Valdimir.

"But you have no right to hold me thus. I am nearly dead with pain now where you have torn my hands in pieces.—By the——"

"Silence, dog! My authority here is my power. My right is my might. I have you, and I will keep you. Were I to let you go I might not have the power to catch you again, as legal officers could. Lead them off, and then we'll turn our attention to the Duke's Bath!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE "HOUSE OF MOURNING."

Turn in hither for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother and she a widow. Perhaps a more affecting spectacle—a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children and bosom of a disconsolate wife. Under whatever levity and dissipation of heart such objects catch our eyes, they catch likewise our attentions, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work! how necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject! By holding up such a glass before it, it forces the mind to see and reflect upon the vanity—the perishing condition and uncertain tenure of everything in this world. From reflections of this serious cast, how insensibly do the thoughts carry us farther! and from considering what we are—what kind of a world we live in, and what evils befall us in it, how naturally do they set us to look forwards at what possibly we shall be!—For what kind of a world we are intended—what evils may befall us there—and what provision we should make against them here, whilst we have time and opportunity. Hence it is, that "it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."

A HEARTLESS WRETCH.

A base wretch in the form of a man, was, a few weeks since, introduced to a lovely and confiding girl of sixteen. He pressed her hand and said in a thrilling tone that he thought the 'recent sleighing had rendered the ladies more lovely than ever.' She blushed and said 'very.' Her parents considered the matter as settled, but he basely deserted the young lady, after addressing this pointed language to her, and has never called at her house since.

WEARING RINGS.—When a lady is not engaged, she wears the ring on her first finger—if engaged, on her second—if married, on her third—and if she intends to remain unmarried, she wears the ring on her fourth finger.

POOR MARGARET.

BY PHŒBE CARY.

We always called her "poor Margaret,"
And spoke about her in mournful phrase;
And so she comes to my memory yet
As she seemed to me in my childish days.

For in that, which changing, waxeth old,
In the things which perish, we saw her poor;
But we never saw the wealth untold,
She kept where treasures alone endure.

We saw her wrinkled, and old, and thin,
And bowed with toil, but we could not see
That her patient spirit grew straight within
In the power of its upright purity.

Over and over, every day,
Bleaching her linen in sun and rain,
We saw her turn it until it lay
As white on the grass as the snow had lain;

But we could not see how her Father's smile,
Shining over her spirit there,
Was whitening for her all the while
The spotless raiment his people wear.

She crimped and folded, smooth and nice,
All her clothes, when our sister came to wed—
Alas! that she only wore them twice,
Once when living, and once when dead!

And we said, "she can have no wedding day;"
Speaking sorrowfully, under our breath;
While her thoughts were all where they "give away
No brides to lovers, and none to death."

Poor Margaret! she sleeps now under the sod,
And the ills of her mortal life are past;
But heir with her Saviour, and heir of God,
She is rich in her Father's House at last.

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THE GUERILLA'S DAUGHTER;

OR,

THE FANDANGO FIGHT.

A company of Texas Rangers, "on a scout," having encamped for the night, Bill Frazer, a noted yarn-spinner, was called upon for a story.

"Well, boys," commenced Bill, "you all know that when the fight at Manteca occurred, our regular encampment was in the glorious old woods of Santo Domingo, near Montery,—and in sight of the marquee of our brave old Rough and Ready. Our tents were pitched around those beautiful springs the Mexican's called *los Ajos del Aguas*, (the Eyes of the Waters) while the Old Man's camp was a little way down the stream, among the dragoons.

"Well, for several months, we continued to occupy this delightful encampment, till the grand old oaks that shaded our tents, and spread their great branches over the fountains, began to be loved as familiar friends; and we almost felt as if we would be willing to spend our lives among their fragrant shadows.

"For some weeks we had had but little to do, but to furnish an occasional escort to trains and expresses; and now and then spend a few days in reconnoitering the country, in search of guerillas, who might be threatening the roads.

"As a matter of course, we Rangers could not be altogether inactive. We had but little camp duty to perform,—no drills or parades to attend; and much of our leisure time was filled up in rides to the neighboring ranches and villages, and in cultivating the good will and friendship of the rancheros.

"One evening as a party of us Rangers were preparing to exercise our horses, which from high feeding, and little work, were becoming fat and spirited, a ranchero, mounted on a sleek mule, rode into our camp, and announced that a *fandango*, in honor of the patron Saint of the village, was to come off that night at the pueblo of Agua Frio. He had been despatched, he said, to invite the Texans to join in the amusements of the evening. Not a very large crowd, he hinted would be expected, as the preparations having been hastily made, would not suffice for a large party; but whoever came would be kindly welcomed.

"A fandango! who'se for the fandango?" was shouted through our little camp,—and in a few minutes about twenty of us had saddled up, and were ready to dash over the road in the direction Agua Frio.

"It was a beautiful evening. There had been a shower in the morning, and the roads were in the finest order for a ride. The distance was some five or six leagues from the camp; but that was a mere trifle with our fresh horses, that impatient of restraint, were pawing the ground disdainfully, and champing their bridles, in anticipation of the free gallop before them. The acacia thickets were in blossom; and bending beneath their weight of dew, made the evening air redolent with their exhilarating perfume. A soft breeze blowing through the chapparal, made the atmosphere cool and fragrant—almost intoxicating to the senses. Away we dashed, along the road, every foot of which we had passed over so often, that we were as familiar with it as the paths about our camp ground. The stars shone brightly in the clear sky; and the old mountains on either hand, reared their bold fronts heavenward, making their sharp outlines as distinct as in the glare of day.

"Never, in my life, do I remember to have enjoyed a ride with so much genuine, boyish zest, as I did that rapid dash to Agua Frio.

"Before we entered the pueblo, we knew by sound of the rude music, that the dance had already commenced. This was conducted in the open air, and upon the ground in front of some of the principal houses.

"Our arrival was celebrated by a louder and more furious blast from their incongruous instruments. Of these a huge bass drum was the principal, assisted by a French horn, a cracked clarionet, and a fiddle or two. These made up the 'inharmonious concert.' The Mexicans surrounded us, and welcomed us warmly to the hospitalities of the place. These, by-the-by, we were accustomed to pay for at the highest rates. The old women pocketed our money freely in exchange for their fiery *mezcal*, stinking *pulque*, and other drinkables and eatables prepared for the occasion. In fact these fandangos were got up with an express view to the profits, for they had long before discovered that the boys were by no means niggard of their dimes.

"Well, we joined in the fandango, and had a right merry time of it. There were a good many greasers in the village, some of them of a somewhat suspicious appearance; but as they were apparently unarmed, and good-naturedly permitted us to have our choice among the prettiest señoritas, we gave but little attention to them. As we whirled away over the fandango ground with our gay, dark-eyed partners, or rested beneath the shadows of the houses to make love to them, a stranger could scarcely have imagined that they were the sisters and daughters of men with whom we were at enmity, and whose blood would stain the very ground over which they were so joyously treading, before the return of another day. But so in fact it was.

"Almost half the night had passed thus pleasantly away, when, as I rested for breath, with the fair partner with whom I had danced all the evening resting on my arm, I chanced to turn my eyes toward the circle of spectators that all the time had gathered round the dancers, I was struck by the sudden disappearance of the men. Not one of them was in sight. My fellow Rangers were the only men upon the ground. They were at the moment all engaged in the fierce gallopade of a jumping waltz. The musicians stood their ground, but seemed to belabor their instruments with redoubled energy, as if to make us insensible of what was occurring without. 'Carlota,' said I to my partner, as she rested her head languishingly against my arm; 'tell me, what means this sudden absence of your friends? Are we betrayed?'

"The girl gazed hurriedly around the place, and giving a cry of surprise and terror, broke suddenly from me, and disappeared in the darkness beyond the buildings. She was gone but an instant, however, when she returned, pale and breathless with excitement.

"'Oh, *Señor!*' she exclaimed, as she looked wildly about her, 'fly—fly—to horse, my friend! There is danger for you here. Call all your men together and away to your camp. Yonder is your safest road," and she pointed towards a bridle path, which I remembered to have traveled once, leading from the rear of the village towards our camp. 'El Mocho——'

"But she had not time to finish the sentence, for at that instant I detected, stealing noiselessly into the rear of the houses near which we were standing, a crowd of armed men. They were gathering in the obscurity, from the surrounding gardens; they crept up cautiously from the bank of the river; the thickets were swarming with them; the place was full of them; indeed, we were completely surrounded by them—our retreat was entirely cut off.

"Up to this moment my comrades, lost in the excitement of the wild gallopade, were insensible to what was going on about them. I sprang in amongst the revelers, and shouted at the top of my voice—

"'Boys, we are betrayed. The place is full of Guerillas. Follow me!' and leading the way, I made a break for the large stone building, the residence of the Alcalde, in the court of which we had taken the precaution, on our first arrival, to picket our horses.

"I hastily explained to our little party that the place was full of guerillas, under the leadership of the notorious Mocho Martinez, and that we had, without doubt, been invited to the fandango, expressly to be betrayed into this villain's hands, and that, as a retreat was out of the question, we would have to make the best fight we could. This was answered by a shout of defiance, and it was but the work of a few moments to barricade the doors and windows of the building, with the stone partitions of the rooms.

"In the meantime the Mexicans, perceiving that we had discovered their presence, filled the streets about us, and gave vent to their exultation in fierce, Indian-like yells. There were several hundred of them, and our little party of twenty would stand no chance with them in an open fight. They could wipe us out in one charge of their overwhelming numbers.

"But fortunately, it is a rule with our boys never to leave camp, under any circumstances, without a good supply of ammunition. We had even left our carbines hanging to the pommels of our saddles, on securing our horses in the Alcalde's court. They had not been molested, for a guard had been stationed at the door. We had, besides, our revolvers, and could each of us discharge fifteen shots on an average without reloading. Our position was a strong one, and we could at least stand a long siege, till our friends in the camp, knowing our absence, should come in search of us, when, reinforced by their numbers, we would be more than a match for the greasers.

"We therefore took a position on the flat roof of the building, where, behind the parapetted walls, we could overlook all that was going on around and below us. The fires that had lighted the fandango ground still continued to light up the streets, and show us our enemies as they surrounded us.

"Soon the neighboring housetops were also covered with the greasers, who opened fire upon us, but without effect. They were at too great a distance to reach us with their pistol shots, and their old condemned English muskets invariably overshot our heads.

"Not so, however, with our fine shooting carbines. They were true to their aim, and we were not long in convincing the fellows of the folly of exposing their heads in the range of them. In a little while therefore they ceased to fire upon us, and sounded a parley. A guerilla officer appeared at an opposite window, and, waving a white cloth, requested to be heard. He demanded an unconditional surrender, assuring us that it was impossible for us to escape; we were surrounded by overwhelming numbers, he said, and to stand out against them would insure our massacre; if we would throw down our arms, and yield as prisoners of war, we should be treated as such—otherwise no quarter would be given us. His terms were of course rejected; and the guerillas again made the place ring with their demoniacal yells. When the noise died away, we heard the blast of a bugle at a little distance. The greasers were seen to leave the buildings, and hasten to the spot whence came the sound. For a little while we were alone.

"The building where we had taken cover, as I said, had within it a large court. Three sides of it was formed by the buildings; while the fourth side was made by a high stone wall, in which was a large door opening inward from the high bank of the river, which flowed immediately beneath the enclosure. This door was used for the descent of the family to the water.

"The temporary withdrawal of the enemy gave us time to examine this rear wall, and add to the strength of the barricade there. While engaged in this work, a gentle tap was several times repeated upon the outside of the door—and a soft voice, in low tones, exclaimed—

"'For the love of heaven, open the door!—quick!—please open the door—I want to speak to Señor Bill.'

"'Here, Bill Frazer,' cried Jack Lewis, who had climbed to the top of the wall to reconnoiter—'here's a gal calling for Señor Bill—I s'pose she means you. Come and see what the Mexican wants.'

"I took his place upon the wall, and discovered Carlota, my pretty partner of the evening.

"'Well,' said I, 'do you wish to come in?'

"'No, no,' she answered. 'But you know the pueblo is full of your enemies; and they have determined to butcher you all, and they'll do it, if your friends do not come to your relief. They're too many for you, as brave fighters as I've heard you are. I know some of their plans; one is to dig through the bank of the river to the court here, if they cannot gain an entrance by any other means. They're more than ten to your one. I have come, Señor, to offer myself as your messenger to the camp of your friends, in the woods of Santo Domingo.'

"'You!—How would one like you get there?'

"'Easy enough, Señor,' she answered. 'Is not the chapparal full of the guerilla's horses? Give me permission, and I will even furnish myself with a steed; and in three or four hours, at the farthest, I promise to bring you relief.'

"'Carlota, you are a noble girl,' I answered; 'but is there no lad we can employ to undertake this dangerous mission?—he shall be richly rewarded.'

"'No, no!—Let me go, Señor, I beg of you; I am a good rider, and can pass the guard without suspicion. Now tell me—shall I go to the good General Taylor's tent, or where?'

"'You are indeed a brave, generous girl, Carlota,' I replied; 'you shall follow the dictates of your noble heart. There, take this knife'—and I unbuckled my bowie, on the ivory handle of which my name was cut in deep letters, and passed it down to the girl;—'there, fasten that around your waist—seek the camp of the Texans, and give it to the first Ranger you may chance to meet on guard—tell him how we are situated. Farewell, and may God bless you, and speed your noble attempt!'

"'Adieu, Señor. Before the morning light shall gild yon sierra's top your friends will be with you'—and waiving her hand to me, the fair, brave young Mexican disappeared below the river bank.

"'What in the name of the god of Love, Bill Frazer, did that pretty Señorita want of you, down there, behind the wall?'

"'That girl has just started to the camp to arouse the boys there; they'll be with us before morning.'

"This piece of news was received with three as hearty cheers,—genuine *American hurras*—as ever woke an echo from the hills. Carlota as she dashed through the rarely trodden paths of the chapparal, must have heard them;—the guerillas did, and soon they came down with all their force upon us. Under cover of the surrounding houses, and from the housetops, they again poured round after round of musketry upon our windows, and into our court. But they fell harmless against our walls. In rapid succession we answered shot for shot, as we deliberately aimed into their ranks, and sent a greaser howling to his long account, with every bullet we expended.

"'Keep the yellow wolves amused, boys,' I shouted, 'we'll be good for every one of them before daylight. Our boys will be here sure,—the girl can't fail to reach the camp. I saw it in her eye;—give 'em another round,' and the greasers finding again that our fire was too hot for them, and that their comrades were strewing the ground, once more fell back. A few, however, continued to occupy *azeoteas* (roofs) opposite, and occasionally directed their fire towards us. The main body had disappeared. It was not long before I discovered what the young girl had told me was true. The Mexicans had secreted themselves in the rear of us, and were at work under the bank of the stream—cutting their way through the yielding soil, into the court. We could hear the sound of their instruments, as they worked, and the loose stones, as they rolled them down the steep bank, into the river.

"It was now necessary to divide our little force;—a portion to be in readiness to receive the Mexicans, as they should attempt to pour up into the enclosure, and the rest to keep an eye upon the enemy in front.

"The court was darkened by the shadows of the surrounding walls; only the center portion of it was illuminated by the star-light, which fell down upon it. The enemy would soon penetrate the place. Our first object was to save our horses from the bullets, which would soon be whistling through the court. They were therefore brought into the rooms and secured to the iron bars of the windows.

"This was scarcely accomplished, when a wide opening—reaching the entire length of the rear wall, suddenly sunk in the extremity of the court. The Mexicans had cut through;—and now the loud grating of their tools broke distinctly upon our ears, with a near and alarming sound.

"We stood drawn up in a line in front of the excavation, to receive them, as they showed their heads. For some time the sappers conducted their labors with a skill worthy of regular troops. They contrived to enlarge the opening without exposing their persons. But at length a hand and arm appeared above the ground;—then a head. A ball from one of our revolvers, however, soon finished the work for the owner. The body was dragged away and another took his place. Thus they pursued their work,—the living filling in rapid succession, the place of their dead comrades,—till at length, the opening was sufficiently large to admit at once twice our little force opposed to them;—and in less time than it takes to relate it, the court was full of them.

"The struggle now became a fearful, deadly one. The ground was soon slippery with a sanguinary flood,—the life blood of friends, as well as of foes,—for to their credit, be it said, the greasers fought with a ferocious and untiring courage.

"In the meantime, while this furious assault was being defended in the rear, another force had attacked the front of the building; and with huge stones were assaying the oaken doors and windows. It was evident the yellow skins—now infuriated by the death of their comrades, whose carcasses strewed the court, would soon gain an entrance. There was therefore nothing left to us, but to retreat from the court, and reach the azeotea—where we might possibly hold them at bay, so long as our ammunition should hold out. But this we perceived, could not be much longer. The Mexicans seemed to divine our intention, and made a desperate effort to scale the walls, by the help of the iron rods of the windows, and reach the roof in advance of us. But in this we defeated them. We gained possession, and poured such a shower of lead upon their heads, that they were glad to find the shelter of the rooms below. In a moment more, the building was swarming with the maddened crowd.

"At this critical moment a shrill whistle was heard from the direction of the bridle path—which Carlota had pointed out to me—before the attack. It was the familiar signal of our Lieutenant. We all heard it, and recognized it at once.

"'The boys!—the boys!—here they come—hurra!'—and the next instant the house was surrounded by the entire force of our company—among whom also we could distinguish the uniforms of our brave neighbors—the dragoons. Such a wild shout, as that moment awoke the sleeping hills, and was repeated by our friends, has seldom been heard, but on American soil. The frightened greasers heard it, and dismayed endeavored to escape by the way they had opened through the court. As the Rangers had received their cue from our noble Carlota,—they were prepared for them, and most fearful was the vengeance of the Texans. 'Remember the rancho Manteca!' was the cry—and by the time we had reached the ground, there was but little left for us—the work had been done; hardly enough of those greasers escaped to tell the bloody fate of their comrades, to their countrymen."

"'But Bill,' asked a Ranger—'what became of your rescuer,—the brave girl Carlota?'

"'She's mine yet,' replied the Ranger—'or soon will be. She is now under the protection of friends at Monterey. When the war is over, she has promised to become my wife, and will grace my cotton ranche on the Brazos.'"

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WHY?

Why should men quarrel like wolves and hyenas about *property?* What is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way? When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand! he pulls out his purse, and looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with.

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HAIL, ye small sweet courtesies of life, for smooth do you make the road of it like grace and beauty, which beget inclinations to love at first sight: 'tis ye who open this door, and let the stranger in.

ONE NIGHT'S ADVENTURE

IN A HOSPITAL.

It was on a pleasant summer's evening in the year 185– that a party of six or eight young men, as was their usual custom, had congregated in the Dispensing Department of the old —— Hospital. They were each and all of them disciples of the "Art of Healing," and had passed over the necessary rudimentary ground of the earlier part of a Medical Student's life. In other words, they had attended two courses of lectures—had masticated *quantum sufficit* of tobacco, and had been "crammed" with just a sufficient amount of professional learning as to be almost certain to kill at thirty yards.

To their parents and guardians the public still owe a debt of gratitude for not allowing these young gentlemen to escape the period of their incubation, which they certainly would have done had they thus prematurely passed the fiery ordeal of their college examinations; when, as a matter of course they would have received their licences (and diplomas) after being asked a few simple questions, such as: "How many pounds of strychnine would it take to kill a dog in the seventeen hundredth part of a second?" (Vide Majendie, vol. 1st, p. 103.)

The day's work of dressing and making comfortable the sick and wounded was over within the Hospital, but its portals and wards were still open to receive the unfortunate, of which in every institution of the kind there is a never-ending string continually entering.

Accidents were unusually frequent at the period we write of, especially on railroads and steamboats. The reason of this, in the case of the former, was owing in a measure to the imperfect manner of constructing these roads. Night time appeared to be the chosen hours for collisions: consequently, mangled and bleeding, the victims were borne to this famous old Hospital, where the junior members of its medical staff were waiting to receive them.

Among the young men assembled in the apothecary's shop on the evening in question, was a tall, raw-boned, eastern youth, who was more celebrated for his knowledge of books than of the world. Despite of his uncomely looks, Tom Larkins (for so we will call this individual) possessed a warm and generous heart. Tom had what is generally styled an inquiring disposition, and this, together with his verdency, rendered him liable to many a practical joke. Poor fellow, (for he is dead now) I cannot recall his "shade" to memory without smiling at some of the often repeated scenes in which he played a comical part.

Tom was a slave to the powers of music, and essayed to be an amateur artist on the violin and flute, but strange to say, he never became proficient on either instrument. His temper was of such a conciliatory type that it did not become in the least ruffled whenever he found the strings of his favorite violin smeared with an oily substance in such a manner as to entirely deceive him until he had drawn his bow once or twice across them. It was the same when he attempted to agreeably pass away his leisure time by the aid of the sweet strains of his flute, and found it's mouth-piece well coated with the bitter tincture of aloes or some other nauseating substance.

The natural history of a medical student has never properly been described by any living or defunct naturalist, and after much research on the subject, we are prepared to say that he has never been seen classified, although he is *labelled* by the most reliable authors as a man *sui generis*. As it is freely acknowledged on all sides that he is not a Mythological subject, we will not attempt to dispute the fact, but will simply add that he is a strange deception, with often times a rough exterior under which sparkles many good qualities; and with this comment on his general outline of character, we will quit him to return to our subject.

The hands of the clock in the old Hospital were fast approaching the hour of midnight, but still our small company of students were to be found in the Dispensary, entertaining one another with powerful drafts upon their vast fields of experience and reading. All at once a knock is suddenly heard at a side door which instantly silences their merry voices, for each and every one of them well knew that this sound was but a precursor of coming events the importance of which time alone could solve.

The pause was but momentary, for a student quickly responded, "Come in." The door opened and in enters the night watchman.

Addressing himself to the young surgeon in charge of the institution, this man tells him that "a bad case is being brought in."

Frank Barnet, the house surgeon, was an eccentric sort of a personage. His brain was well stored with useful information, but the careless manner in which he gave vent to it, in his casual intercourse with others, left on them an unfavorable opinion of his talents; nevertheless, in his profession he ranked as a man of ability. He was at this time verging on to his third year in this hospital; consequently he had seen the strength and weakness of human nature tested in their various attitudes.

His keen judgment was rarely at fault in quickly discerning the proper means to be employed in any emergency, and so nicely were his sympathies balanced, that his exertions in his patients' behalf never caused them any undue amount of pain. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that he was a great favorite with those who associated with him and knew him intimately.

On receiving the message, before spoken of, from the night-watchman of the hospital, Frank took out his pocket case of instruments, and started for the "receiving ward," where he had often before been on errands of mercy. He was quickly followed by his associates, who were continually on the alert to pick up medical information. At one side of the ward Frank discovered the patient lying upon a litter, for the nurse had not been allowed time sufficient to deposit his charge in bed before the surgeon arrived. Near by stood four policemen, who apparently were well fatigued by the labor of carrying the unfortunate man. As Frank drew near, one of the policemen advanced to meet him, and said—"We have brought this man in from —— street, where there has been a riot. I think, *sir*, he is mortally wounded."

"We will see as to that," replied Frank, who approached, stooped down, and felt the man's pulse, which he found almost as it should be, except that its force was not so great as is usual. Sponges and water were at hand, therefore the young surgeon, aided by the nurse, was not long in cleansing the patient; but lo, and behold! no wound could be discovered. The mystery of the man being covered with gore without there being a scratch on his person, was quickly cleared up by the patient himself, who was instantly restored by the welcome piece of information that his bodily health was as good as ever. He now remembered seeing in the bakery where the melee commenced some *cherry pies*. Being hit on the head with something, he very naturally thought himself wounded, which idea was confirmed by the sight of the scarlet coating of his hands and face.

"Discretion is the better part of valor:" so thought our hero when he *feinted*, and so thought the policemen, when they took a hurried departure to resume their duties. Thus ended one night's adventure in a hospital.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A GENTLEMAN in Kentucky, who had lost a considerable portion of one of his ears in a fight, received a most cruel reply from a fine old maid that he was taunting on account of her age. "You needn't talk about my age," said she, "though you haven't quite as many *years*" (half dropping the *y* in the pronunciation) "as other people."

Two men, strangers to each other, got into a dispute upon the highway. "I will let you know, sir, that I am Mr. Hodge!" exclaimed one of them, threateningly. "Oh well, I am equal to several of you," said the other, "I am Mr. *Hodges*."

A WESTERN paper speaks of a wild turkey "shot by a *sportsman weighing twenty-three pounds*." That must have been either a very large turkey or a very small sportsman.

MANY persons have a particular ambition to seem exactly what they are not. We know a rich man who bought a most splendid library, and signed the contract *with his mark*.

PERSIAN poetry is luxurious, dreamy, fragrant; sometimes flashing like a scimetar with passion, and sometimes meek-eyed as a fawn when it lies down in its loveliness on a bed of white roses.

How many men we encounter in society, whose praises of their friends, when speaking to their faces, would appear fulsome flattery, were it not qualified by their disparagement of them behind their backs.

THE rich patient cures the poor physician much oftener than the poor physician the rich patient; the rapid recovery of the one usually depends upon the procrastinated disorder of the other.

THERE is a very cunning flattery which great minds sometimes pay themselves by condescending to admire efforts corresponding with, but vastly inferior to, their own.

TIME constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and, although it is the present ally, is destined to be the future conqueror, of death.

"How are you getting on?" cried the captain of a steamboat to the people of a submerged town upon the Ohio. "Oh *swimmingly*."

"How do you do?" exclaimed a gentleman, seizing a lady's hand and squeezing it rather rudely. "Oh, I am suffering from the *pressure*, sir."

WE are much deceived when we fancy that we can do without the world, and still more so when we presume that the world cannot do without us.

WE have never heard even an attempt at a good reason for smoking. We beg that some fumigator will try to give a reason for the smoke that is in him.

MR. J. ROUND, a very worthy citizen, has been appointed Magistrate in Indiana. That, we suppose, was *squiring* the *Circle*.

"WILL you stand my second?" said a gentleman, who proposed to fight a duel. "No indeed—for you wouldn't stand a second yourself."

WOMAN is justly called "one of the most glorious works of heaven;" and she is a sort of work that we like to *address* ourselves to.

FEW things are more agreeable to self-love than revenge, and yet no other cause so effectually restrains us from revenge as self-love.

PEOPLE may often run into excess with their vices, but their virtues are seldom urged beyond the boundaries of prudence.

IF lightning-rods do not actually take the lightning from the clouds, they at least take the fear of it from timid hearts.

FOWLS seem exceedingly grateful for the gift of cold water. They never swallow a drop of it without turning up their eyes to heaven.

"So I see, Will, that you have got a moustache." "Oh yes, Jack, I have got to be a Will-o'-the-*wisp*."

WHY is a tender-hearted person like a housekeeper with but little furniture? Because he is easily *moved*.

WITH what "net" is a lady soonest caught? In this country, *net profits*; in Europe, a *coronet*.

A FRIEND that you have to buy won't be worth what you pay for him—no matter how little that may be.

AN envious man repines as much at the manner in which his neighbors live as if he maintained them.

A TRULY grateful heart may not be able to tell its gratitude, but it can feel and love and act.

LIFE'S pleasures, if not abused, will be new every morning and fresh every evening.

IT is much easier to disparage a science than understand it—to appear above it than skillful in it.

"A FOOL in fermentation" is the last and best definition of a vain person.

A COQUETTE is a female General, who builds her fame on her *advances*.

PREJUDICE lies when it talks, and squints when it looks.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

AT the late Rothschild wedding dinner in Paris, the ladies of the family wore over five millions of dollars' worth of jewelry; the flowers with which the mansion was decked cost seven thousand five hundred dollars; the gold and silver plate was worth half a million; and the dinner itself cost some three hundred thousand dollars—every clime being put under tribute for its choicest delicacies.

AN infant floating with a life-preserver around it, was recently picked up in the Mississippi river. It was nearly dead, but by kind nursing, was revived and restored to its mother, who had lost it during the confusion consequent upon the explosion of the steamer Princess, the day before the little thing was found.

THE rush for the Pike's Peak gold mines is almost beyond belief. All the river towns of Kansas and Nebraska, and the road from Fort Leavenworth to the "diggings," are reported as being full of men on their way to the new "El Dorado;" and hundreds are said to be literally perishing from hardship and destitution.

A MAN named Hamilton, living in St. Louis, having become jealous of his wife through the misrepresentations of an old sweetheart, pursued her through the street to a neighbor's, firing at and badly wounding her, and then shot himself.

THE father of a young man recently on trial for murder in Chicago, who was acquitted of the crime, gave a champaign supper to the jury the evening after the acquittal, eleven of whom had the indecency to accept the invitation and attend at the supper.

A FEW nights since a man in attempting to jump upon a Third avenue car while it was in motion, missed his footing, fell upon the pavement, and was run over and dangerously injured by a horse and cart that was rapidly passing at the moment.

A MAN named Harkness, living in Clinton county, Illinois, having shot an eagle on the wing, the carcass of which lodged in an oak, climbed the tree to get it, and slipping, fell to the ground, and was so badly injured that he died in a few hours.

A PHYSICIAN of Boston was recently taken to an insane asylum, he having become deranged by the coquetries of a rich and handsome widow who ensnared his affections, and then disdainfully refused his offers of marriage.

A CHEMIST announces that he has "figured it up," and that if all the water of the Atlantic were steamed away, there would be salt enough deposited from it to cover an area of seven millions of square miles one mile deep.

A PARIS letter-writer says that Louis Napoleon is absorbed in the investigation of "Spiritualism," to the great terror of his friends, who look upon his devotion to the subject as an indication of insanity.

A FARMER living near Troy (N. Y.) recently sued a neighbor for damages, because the latter's daughter "made pencil marks on his new white picket fence, on her way to school."

AN irruption of moose has taken place in the Aroostook region of Maine. Such numbers of the animals are killed that the choicest moose steaks are only six cents a pound in that region.

A PENNSYLVANIA court has decided that a false entry in the books of a firm is forgery at common law, and must be punished as such. Let dishonest clerks beware.

A YANKEE genius has invented a clock which not only gives the hour of the day, but also the day of the week and month, with unfailing precision.

ACCORDING to recent statistical report, one in six of the inhabitants of London dies in the public institutions, and one in eleven in the workhouse.

A MAN'S skull was broken a few days since, in Grand street, by the falling of a heavy sign upon his head.

ON THE SEA.

BY ALICE CARY.

I will call her when she comes to me
My lily, and not my wife,
So whitely and so tenderly
She was set in my stormy life.

In vain her gentle eyes to please
The year had done her best,
Setting her tides of crocuses
All softly toward the west:

The bright west, where our love was born
And grew to perfect bloom,
And where the broad leaves of the corn
Hang low about her tomb.

I hid from men my cruel wound
And sailed away on the sea,
But like waves around some hulk aground
Her love enfoldeth me.

My clumsy hands are cracked and brown;
My chin is rough as a bur,
But under the dry husk soft as down
Lieth my love for her.

One night when storms were in the sky—
Sailing away on the sea,
I dreamed that I was doomed to die,
And that she came to me.

They bound my eyes, but I had sight
And saw her take that hour
My head so bright in her apron white
As if it had been a flower!

No child when I sit alone at night
Comes climbing on my knee,
But I dream of love and my heart is light
As I sail away on the sea.

THE BANDIT QUEEN.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"Before I tell you my story, gentlemen," said Captain Sheldon, as a small party of us sat around the festive board, "I will give you a toast. Fill up your glasses, and let it be drank in silence."

And as we all complied, the captain rose and said, with much solemnity—

"To the memory of the brave heroes who fell at Monterey."

An impressive silence of some moments followed, during which we all drank and the speaker resumed his seat.

"I believe I promised you a somewhat romantic story, in which I happened to play a rather important part," proceeded Captain Sheldon, as one collecting his thoughts for a direct, straightforward narration. "Well, here you have it, then; and I am inclined to think the facts will interest you, even if my manner of telling them does not.

"It is needless," pursued the captain, "to enter into any description of the storming of Monterey, for with the general facts you are all familiar; and it is also needless to tell you that, as one of that glorious band of heroes known as the Texas Rangers—or, as General Worth was pleased to style us, the Texas Dragoons—I saw some pretty hard fighting during that memorable siege.

"We had taken Fort Teneria, the Bishop's Palace, and some other strong positions, and had concentrated our forces upon the town, and were forcing our way as best we could to the Cathedral Plaza, where the main body of the enemy was then stationed. The conflict was terrible and at its hight, and the roar of cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry, the thunder of dashing artillery, the battering in of doors, the pecking through thick walls, the loud commands of officers, the shouts of the assailants, the groans of the wounded, and the shrieks of terrified women and children—all together made a most horrid din, such as I wish never to hear again.

"The streets being barricaded, and each building turned into a sort of fortified castle—from the flat roofs of which, behind breastworks of sandbags, the enemy continually poured down a most destructive fire—it became necessary for a portion of the troops to enter these buildings, force a passage through from one to the other, dislodge the garrison of each, and use them as safe coverts from which to annoy the foe in turn.

"In this hazardous occupation I had been engaged for several hours, and had witnessed some fearful scenes—as, in cutting our way through from one house to the other, we had occasionally come in contact with men brave enough to bar our passage with their lives—when suddenly, just as I had thrown myself down on a seat, to get my breath and a few moments' rest, I heard the wild shout that announced the successful passage of our little band into another adjoining building. Fairly mingled with this shout were the reports of fire-arms, the clash of steel and the shrieks of women. There was no time for me to be idle now; and starting up, I ran forward, with my sword in one hand and a revolver in the other. Making my way to the apperture which had been forced through the two walls, I entered an apartment dim with smoke, where all was excitement and confusion. Our party, still victorious, were mostly grouped around two wounded comrades; while near them lay two dead Mexicans, their companions having fled; and in one corner several women were huddled together, greatly terrified and shrieking for mercy, supposing us from all they had heard to be no better than so many savages.

"As I could speak Spanish so as to be readily understood, I stepped forward to the frightened females, and had just begun to utter a few words calculated to allay their fears, when I fancied I heard a heavy jarring sound in an adjoining room, and a wild cry in Spanish of,

"'Spare him! spare him! he is my father!'

"Perceiving a door, which I thought might lead to the room in question, I sprung to it, tore it open, and, in the center of a small apartment, at once beheld three figures—an old man grappled with a young one, and a beautiful female, with her arms partly thrown around the elder, as if to draw him away and shield him, while a prayer for mercy was issuing from her lips.

"'Hold!' I shouted, in a tone that instantly arrested the action of all parties. 'Señor,' I quickly added in Spanish, addressing the old gentleman, 'you must at once yield yourself a prisoner of war, or I cannot be answerable for the consequences!'

"'He had already done so, Señor Caballero, when this fellow attempted to rob him, and he grappled with him to prevent himself from being plundered,' said the female, turning upon me a most beautiful face, and fixing upon me a pair of most bewitching black eyes.

"'What! have we a common highwayman and thief among us?' cried I, turning fiercely upon the Ranger, whose now downcast and guilty look at once convinced me that the accusation was just.

"He began to stammer forth some excuse; but I interrupted and ordered him out of sight, with the threat of most severe punishment in the event of my hearing anything more to his disgrace.

"'Oh, thanks, noble sir! many, many thanks!' cried the female, springing forward, seizing my hand, and, as it seemed, impulsively carrying it to her lips. 'Oh, spare him!' she continued, fixing her large, soft, lustrous eyes upon me, in the most fascinating manner in the world; 'spare him! spare my father! and Heaven will bless you, and Paula will ever remember you with gratitude!'

"'Be assured, fair lady, he is only a prisoner of war, and not a hair of his head shall be injured!' was my gallant reply, as I looked steadily into the dark, soul-speaking eyes so near to mine, and felt a strange, romantic fascination stealing over me.

"'Father, do you hear that?' said Paula, joyfully. 'See what it is to meet with a noble officer! Pray step into that closet there, and bring him some refreshments.'

"'Thanks, fair lady!' said I, as the old gentleman opened a side door and disappeared as directed. 'Hard fighting, and a long fast, are truly calculated to give a man an appetite, and I flatter myself I shall be able to do justice to your fare.'

"'Oh, this siege is terrible for all parties!' said Paula; and she continued talking on the subject for a minute or two, when she stopped suddenly, and saying, 'Pray excuse me till I can see what detains my father,' she hurried out through the same door, closing it after her.

"At this moment some of the men came in from the other room, when I informed them what had occurred, and that shortly we were to have something to break our long fast. But when some five minutes had passed away, without the re-appearance of either Paula or her father, we all began to grow impatient; and going to the door, I opened it, and discovered it was only a ruse of the girl to effect her own and her father's escape—for the door merely opened into a vestibule, which led into a garden—the house itself being built rather after the English than the Spanish style.

"Well, the escape was a trivial thing in itself, and, after a few playful comments from my comrades, the subject was dropped and the incident forgotten, we having enough before us of a more serious nature to occupy our minds.

"I pass over the siege—for that is a matter of history. The American army, as the world knows, was victorious; and after three or four days of hard fighting on both sides, the Mexicans capitulated, and were allowed to march out of the city with the honors of war.

"A few days after this event, the Rangers were mustered out of service, and I found myself once more master of my time and person. I lingered about the town for a few days longer, and then set off with a train for Comargo, on my return to the United States.

"I pass over several little incidents, which might or might not interest you, but which have no bearing on the story it is my purpose to relate. About twelve or fifteen miles from Mier, the train halted late one hot afternoon; and being told that a small party of our men had ridden on to Mier, and might easily be overtaken, I resolved to push on alone for that purpose.

"The road, somewhat hilly, and passing over an almost barren waste of country, I knew to be dangerous, from the prowling bands of robbers and guerrillas that infested it; and had I not felt certain of overtaking the party in advance before nightfall, I should not have attempted it alone.

"But as fortune would have it, I got benighted without overtaking my comrades; and in one of the most gloomy and dismal places on the route—a deep, dark hollow, between two steep hills—I found myself suddenly jerked from my horse to the ground, by means of a lasso which had been thrown over my head with unerring aim, and which, falling over my arms, so completely pinioned them to my body as to prevent my drawing a single weapon in my defence.

"Scarcely had I struck the ground, when two men sprung upon me, and I could see the bright blades of their weapons gleam in the dim light.

"'For God's sake, gentlemen, do not murder me!' I cried in Spanish, though with little hope that my prayer would be heeded—for I had seen more than one cross on my route, to note the spot where some solitary traveler had fallen a victim to these so-called knights of the road.

"'Who are you?' gruffly demanded one of the two, as he determinedly put his hand upon my throat, and raised his knife, as I believed, for the fatal stroke.

"'Why don't you finish him, Guido?' said a voice at a short distance from me; and glancing my eyes in the direction of the speaker, I dimly perceived three or four figures grouped together, one of whom had my horse by the bit. 'Why don't you finish him, I say? what is it to you who or what he is?'

"'Why, if he's a gentleman,' returned Guido, as he deliberately brought the point of the sharp weapon down upon my naked throat, 'who knows but he might pay us a handsome ransom for his life!'

I caught at the suggestion, and instantly replied—

"'I will—I will! I *am* a gentleman of means, and will pay you any ransom that we may agree upon, at any place convenient to both.'

"'Fools! why do you dally?—dead men tell no tales!' cried another voice behind me, which not only sounded like that of a woman, but which, strangely enough, I fancied was not altogether unfamiliar to me.

"'Can it be possible that one of the gentler sex decrees me to death?' said I; while the ruffian, whose hand and knife were upon my throat, seemed to wait for some reply before the completion of his bloody work.

"'Hold, Guido—stay your hand!' said the same feminine voice. 'Who are you, sir?' was next addressed to me.

Instantly the truth flashed upon me. I had heard that voice before—it was a woman's—and that woman had had reason to remember me gratefully.

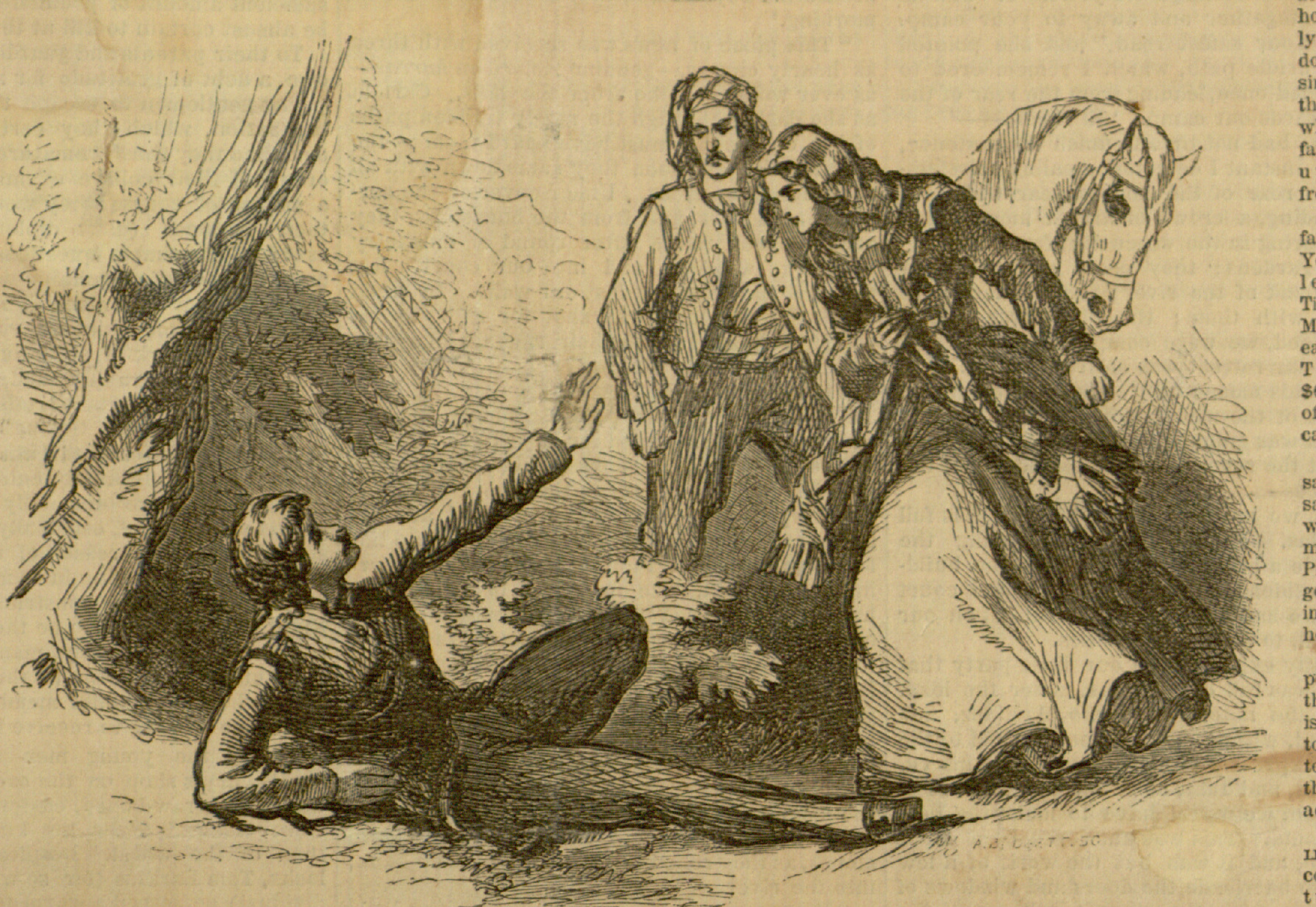
"'If it is Paula who asks that question, I am the officer who saved her father at the storming of Monterey,' was my reply to the interrogation.

"'Ha! is it so indeed?' said the same voice. 'Back there, Pablo and Guido!' and as the ruffians released their hold of me, a woman's face was brought close to mine, and that face I could see was Paula's. 'It is true!' she proceeded, after a close scrutiny of my features; 'this gentleman did save my father, and for that act is now free. Señor Caballero,' she continued, addressing me, 'accept my regrets for the trouble we have given you, and my congratulations that nothing more serious has occurred! Arise, sir—you are free. Mount your horse and away, with a God-speed and without question! and when you relate this adventure to your friends, tell them you found gratitude even in the breast of Paula Mendolez, the Bandit Queen.'

"'Thanks, fair lady—a thousand thanks for my life!' said I, as I started to my feet, though even then fearful of a treacherous stab from the sullen and disappointed bandits.

"'Away!' said Paula, sternly; 'and let us never meet again—for though we part as friends now, we should next meet as foes. We are quits now. You saved my father's life, and I have saved yours. Adios!'

"It needed no special urging to get me into the saddle; and finding myself clear of the robbers, and once more under way, I drove the



spurs into my horse; and, in less than an hour, the foam-covered beast stood panting beside my comrades in the town of Mier.

"Such, gentlemen, is in brief the story I promised," concluded the captain, refilling his glass. "I see you all look as if you would ask for more facts—but I have none to give. Who Paula Mendolez really was, and what became of her, I know no more than you. I only know we met and parted in the manner I have stated, and that I still feel very grateful to her for having my head on my shoulders to-night to tell you the story. Fill up, gentlemen, and here is to the very good health of the Bandit Queen!"

BOOKS.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

> "My library
> Was Dukedom large enough,"

said the majestic Prospero; and to a true lover of books a choice library is a kingdom of countless opulence and measureless extent. At the feet of its sovereign a Golconda opens, and from its teeming mines he may gather gems of knowledge to circle his own brow with a diadem more lustrous than the crowns of princes.

No wizard's wand in olden days ever wrought such marvels as the mighty conjuring of quaint John Guttenberg's unsightly types! As we gaze upon the transcript of master-minds, spread before us by their dark impress, what spectral forms start from the magic pages! The solitary room is peopled with shapes that came not in at the doors. The great man, whose bones lie mouldering in yonder church-yard, stands beside us, a dear, familiar friend. The buried beauty floods the chamber with the golden radiance of her smile. Electric flashes of wit play around us from mouths that have long been fleshless. The silence is made musical with tones of pathos—of mirth—of counsel—of approval—all issuing from those living leaves. The poet says, "aspire!" the sage, "be wise!" the martyr, "be heroic!" the divine, "be humble!" Bare walls are suddenly hung with glowing pictures of human life. Time and space are annihilated. A gentle companion softly takes our hand in his, and leads us over mountains and across seas—up dizzy heights—down cavernous abysses—through labyrinthine gardens—into loathsome dungeons;—nay, he even soars with us to the pearly gates, beyond the blue expanse, and reveals a momentary glimpse of the celestial eralms they enclose.

It may be that we opened the volume, whence all this enchantment comes forth, weary and disheartened, and seeing only the dark and tangled threads in the web of life; but we close it, after that strange wandering, that mysterious communing, refreshed and strengthened. Some of the ends of the knotted skein have been found, and the shapes they were designed to broider upon Fate's tapestry are discovered. We have assumed a new armor of courage, while consorting with courageous spirits. We grow valiant for life's battle, because we have witnessed victories and talked with conquerors.

Benjamin Franklin, when he was a boy, met with a book entitled "Essays to do Good;" of which he says, "it gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than any other kind of reputation; and, if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book." There can be no doubt that the lives of thousands are influenced by the books they peruse at a period when the mind is like an unwritten page and of wax-like impressibility. A breath from some chance volume may fill the sails of the human ship, just launched on the broad ocean of existence, and give the first impetus towards a harbor of safety or the engulfing maelstroom.

O, how often have the pure lips of maidenhood quaffed from the Circe-cup of an evil book until the entrancing poison coursed through young veins beyond the power of antidote, and the health of the spirit was hopelessly destroyed! Give us, then, fearless and honest critics, who will distinguish the fair-seeming nightshade from the innocent flowers of fiction. Let the Censor's broad fan diligently winnow away the light and profitless chaff of literature, and disclose the wholesome wheaten treasure beneath, which yields fit nourishment for the expanding intellect. He, who performs this sacred duty, achieves a double good, for he surely increases our *reverence* for books; and can we revere them too much, when our very Religion comes to us embalmed in the holy pages of an inspired volume?

AVARICE

Certainly seems more like a madness than a crime. The miser is like the fool who would spend his life in accumulating lakes of pure, cold water, and yet suffer athirst. What is money but the representative of things for use and enjoyment? Then what is the hoarder of gold but a crazy fellow who thinks more of the key to a palace than of all the comfort and beauty stored in its spacious halls and chambers?

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. P.—The name of the merchant to whom you refer was Sylvanus R. Cobb, who died in Boston twenty years ago. The "covenant" which he is said to have made was this: On starting in business, he resolved to devote one-fourth of his profits to charitable purposes, until he should be worth $20,000; after that, one-half, until his property should increase to $50,000; and from that time he vowed to spend the entire profits of his business in charity. He prospered greatly, and kept his vow.

Frank.—Unless you are on very intimate terms with the family, you should not accept the invitation to "come in," after returning with a lady at night from a place of amusement, as she often intends it only as a compliment, and would much prefer retiring to being kept up at unseasonable hours. Especially should you not do it, if you desire to propitiate the "old folks," who would not fancy being woke up by your frolics.

Viator.—The fare from New York to New Orleans is $50. Time: one week. Meals, 50 cents each all the way. Total expense, $60 50. Number of nights in the cars, four.

D.C.—We have said before, and say again, that we advise no man to go to Pike's Peak for gold who is gaining a good livelihood where he is.

J. B.—The Superintendent of the Central Park is F. L. Olmstead, to whom all letters relating to the Park may be addressed.

Pro Bono Publico.—You are correct; the "pictures" in the publications to which you refer, are disgusting. But, we do not consider it our business to discuss that matter in these columns. The public will form their own opinion without any suggestions from us.

A Merchant.—There are several very convenient places to stop at, when you drive out on the Bloomingdale Road. If you have any ladies or children with you, Jones's is a pleasant house to patronize; so is the High Bridge Hotel; and also the Kingsbridge Hotel, if you desire a longer drive. If you go alone, or are accompanied by a friend, and would like to see some of the best horses in the city "speeding" on the Harlem Flats, you can have a fine view of them from Dubois's at one end of the road, or from Mark's at the other If you want something good to eat, Florence, at McComb's Dam, can always supply you with something nice Florence's speciality is clams, not the hard, indigestible species, but the fat, luscious, delicious soft-shells. You can get twelve courses there, all clams. A company of choice spirits, too well known to need mention, and too modest to be put in print, who met there on a bright day lately, all agreed that they were best Fry-ed. Game, also, and everything else can be had. We may as well incorporate into this same paragraph a reply to the young lady who wishes to know how she can prevail upon her dissatisfied husband to desist from applying for a divorce. We answer: Learn to cook clams as well as Mrs. Florence does.

T. L. M.—There is no doubt whatever that scolding women were formerly punished by ducking; but on what kind of evidence they were convicted of the crime is not so clear. The records of an old town in Scotland for 1574, contain the following entry:—"Ordered and agreed by the whole court, that all manner of scolds which shall be openly detected of scolding, or evil words in manner of scolding, and for the same be condemned before Mr. Mayor and his brethren, shall be drawn at the stern of a boat in the water, from the end of the pier round about the queen's majesty's castle, in manner of ducking." The custom of ducking scolds was not unknown in New England, in the old days of witch-burning and Quaker-hanging.

Jennie.—According to this young lady's statement, two gentlemen love her ardently; one of whom is single and dissipated, the other *married* and steady, but his wife is very ill, and will not recover; and Jennie wishes to know if she had better wait for the latter, or marry the former. A man that would make love to another woman while his wife was dying, is a brute and a scoundrel. The other "lover," according to your own account, is unworthy. You must be in a strait for a new name, to marry either; and on the whole, your letter exhibits such a shallowness of intellect and lack of moral sense and maidenly delicacy on your part, that we think it advisable for you to remain as long as possible under the protection and guidance of your parents.

L. N.—If your young lady friend told you, when you asked leave to accompany her home, that she has company, when she had not, and afterwards accepted another gentleman as her escort, we should suppose she intended it as a direct "cut." As to your question, "whether in such a case you should think any thing of it?" we reply that if you were very much in love, you might not be able to have any choice in that matter. It would be as well, perhaps, for you not to be in a hurry to call on her again.

L. M. B.—This correspondent says a gentleman friend of hers, to whom she is engaged on condition that neither sees a person he or she may like better, flirts with other ladies, while at the same time he goes enough with her to keep all other gentlemen away from her; and wants to know—"what it would be best for me to do under the circumstances?" Have nothing more to do with him. He is acting a mean, selfish, unmanly part. Such an engagement is, at the best, an absurd one, and such as no man or woman should ever enter into.

J. W. S.—Your remarks are very scholarly, but a little too ethereal for daily wear and tear. You will probably admit that "the best of us" are liable to err, when we inform you that such specimens of orthography as "read*i*ble" and "erron*i*ous" occur in your letter. You need not, like some devotee of phonography, attempt to turn these mistakes off with a jest, and tell us that the error is "all in our eye;" for in each of the words quoted the *i* is yours and not ours.

J. L. D.—To answer your questions fully would require far more space than we can afford. You must be satisfied with this: Washington Irving is seventy-six years of age, and began life as a merchant. Bancroft is fifty-nine; he was originally a schoolmaster. Bryant is sixty-five, and was formerly a lawyer. Dickens is forty-seven; his first employment was that of a reporter. Horace Greeley, aged forty-eight, was a printer.

Homely.—This correspondent—a lady notwithstanding the name—wishes to know if she who has a gentleman friend gone to the West, with whom she has been on intimate terms, can with propriety write to him when he has not requested it. We should say *not*. Let him make all the advances. Where there is a will there is a way, and if he *desires* to hear from you he will not wait long.

Advice.—If your betrothed is slandered, you are bound to stand by her and defend her. You say the reports concerning her *may* be true, but that you doubt whether you ought to investigate them. You are the very man to investigate them. If they prove false, marry the girl, though the whole world should believe her guilty.

Reader.—See Shakspeare's Twelfth Night, Act. II., Scene IV., for the words:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in secret,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy, thought;
She sat like Patience on a monument
Smiling at grief."

M. G.—We receive fifty letters, asking questions, for every one that we answer in this department. To reply to them all would be simply impossible. The subjects treated of here may not always be interesting to learned or experienced persons, but they are of vital importance to thousands and tens of thousands of young people.

S. S.—The boot in common use is called by the English the "Wellington boot," because it was first adopted by Wellington for the army serving in the Peninsular war. This boot has only been known in England and America about half a century.

H. S. S.—Tell your lady-love that you are pained by her capriciousness, and that if she cannot love you, it is better she should say so at once, than make you so miserable.

A. M.—You are right in saying that it is a strong position to "have one hand shut fast on a man's heartstrings, and the other thrust deep into his pocket."

Arthur.—The term "conscription" which you say you "so often see in the papers when treating of French affairs," means the annual draft of citizens to fill up the ranks of the French army. In order fairly to get at "the contingent," (as the new levies necessary to supply the decrease in the army by death, maiming, and the expiration of terms of service, are called,) a census of all the departments or districts is taken every five years; and the number of recruits required is divided among all the provinces, towns, villages, &c., of the empire. All the young men between the ages of twenty and thirty, both years inclusive, are described on the conscription lists of their respective localities; and no ingenuity of the doomed, except that of chopping off a finger or toe (which is often done), or otherwise injuring themselves physically, can enable them to escape their inexorable fate. There are certain exceptions, however, to the universality of the conscription. These exceptions include all below the standard hight of five feet five inches; all criminals; all who are the subject of any physical incapacity; the eldest of orphans; the only son, or eldest son, or grandson of a widow, or of a father seventy years of age; certain classes of students in the public schools, including all those who have carried off the great prizes of the institute or of the university. All, however, must take part in the ballot, which takes place in the Town Hall, in the presence of all the dignitaries of the province, and a vast concourse of spectators, including, of course, the anxious relatives and friends of the conscripts. The "candidates for cannon-flesh"—as the conscripts are called—walk up, one after another, to a huge urn, in which are deposited the ballots, and "draw." He who is lucky enough to draw a ballot having on it a number higher than the whole number of recruits needed, escapes; while he who draws a less number is booked for seven years' service in the army, unless he comes under some of the above mentioned exceptions. The lucky ones are delightedly carried off by their friends, while the poor fellows who are doomed are each surrounded by a grief-stricken circle, prominent in which is the conscript's sweetheart—for what Frenchman is without a sweetheart? And when, at last, the band of fine, dashing fellows march away, each hoping to come back a general and marry "the girl he left behind him," these devoted girls set at work to get ready for the far-off bridal, scrimping themselves to save for their soldier lovers, that *they* may have all possible comforts on their return. But, alas! how few return! A few crippled "old men," of all that noble band, come back in after years, to drag out a miserable existence, under the comfortless shelter of public charity's cold wing.

Sapphonia.—We do not wonder that your friends "turn the cold shoulder" to you, when you "go to them with your troubles and complaints," if you have given us a fair specimen of said troubles and complaints in your letter. No one ever makes anything, but always loses, by grumbling and complaining. A grumbler never fails to *chill* the sympathies which he or she would excite. Grumbling, furthermore, is a certain sign of weakness—of inferiority—of a lack of sound, vital stuff. No truly great man or woman ever grumbles. No genius ever grumbles. Read the life of poor, dear, grand old Dr. Johnson, who for thirty years knew not an hour's freedom from physical suffering from disease; who was, besides, often reduced to the point of starvation, and yet *never complained*—never considered himself neglected by the public, or ill-treated by publishers. In *that* respect, as well as in many others, the grand old hero will furnish you a good model for emulation.

Mrs. R. M.—The "Mount Vernon Record" is the organ of "the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association of the Union," and is used as their medium of communication with the public. It also contains a record of the name of every person who contributes one dollar, or more, to the Mount Vernon Fund. The number for March contains a list of over six thousand names of generous and patriotic ladies and gentlemen who have contributed to that Fund. It also contains much interesting matter relative to the whole Mount Vernon movement. Such a publication will be of great value as a permanent record hereafter, as it is now a work of much present interest. Its price is only one dollar a year. Subscriptions can be sent to Miss Cunningham, the Regent of the Asscciation, or to Messrs. Devereux & Co., Philadelphia.

A Young Man.—When "attacked by a large and ferocious dog," the best thing to do is to get out of his way. What your teacher says about "presence of mind" is all very well, but *absence of body* would be better. If you cannot escape from the animal, and have no firearm, stand still till he gets near you, and then hold out your left arm for him to seize, which he will probably do as he rears on his hind legs. You can then stab him fatally with a knife, or dirk, if you have one; or if you have no weapon, seize him by the throat and choke him into a state of peacefulness. That is the plan formerly followed by experienced dog and wolf fighters, who used to wear a thick sleeve of leather on their left arm on purpose for the dog or wolf to try his teeth upon.

L. A. B. wishes to know if, when he has made an engagement to go somewhere with a young lady, and the members of the family are unapprised of the fact, and he calls for the purpose of accompanying her, if he is to ask, "is she in, or ready, or what?" If she *wots* of it, and they wot not of it, he *might* inquire, with the most innocent face he can put on it, if she is in. But a better and a more manly way would be, to say frankly that he called to accompany Miss ——— to such or such a place of amusement by agreement. There are few cases in which mystery and concealment are not mischievous; and the stronger a young man's regard is for a young girl, the less he will be inclined to put on even the *appearance* of compromising her.

Snow Flake.—Snow Flake is a happy young mother, who writes us a sweet letter, in which she mentions her only grief. *Her husband won't take the baby.* He is the soul of kindness and honor, and will do anything else in the world to please her, but he won't take the baby. He said he *would* when it was three months old, but the time came, and then he begged for three months longer; and so the poor mother was deeply grieved and sorely disappointed. What shall she do to induce her husband to take the baby? Can any one tell her? All we can suggest is, that she should wait awhile, till the baby begins to play the pretty pranks of babyhood. So good a husband cannot but take to the baby at last.

Fifteen.—Really, it seems as if some of our free and enlightened fellow-citizens have the same feeling with regard to etiquette as the Spanish King had, who suffered himself to be burnt to death because the right official was not present to pull his chair away from the fire. Here is a young gentleman who asks whether, when he saw a young lady have a dangerous fall upon the ice, he was right in offering her his assistance, though he had not been previously introduced to her. Sir, you would have been a very inhuman wretch if you had not. Besides—how do you know she didn't fall down on purpose to have you help her up? Girls have done such things.

A. C.—A young man who has given this correspondent his likeness, accuses her of flirting, and says he is able to prove it; whereupon she waxes indignant and asks whether the rules of society bind her to return his said likeness or not. We do not know that society has made any rule to suit this particular case; but if the young man keeps on aggravating you, we should fancy "injured innocence" would pluck up courage to make him a present of his own picture. Perhaps a better way would be to request him to sit for a second one, to be taken when the jealous fit was on, and make him a present of *that*, for his future benefit

A Careful Mother mourns that editors will publish such demoralizing things as the details of the recent Washington tragedy, for young people to read in a family paper. We too regret it, and think it quite unnecessary for any editor to enter into all the disgusting details of such cases. The fact of the shooting might be announced as news, in a short paragraph, without any of the sickening minutiæ which every good mother would deplore laying before her innocent daughters.

Charley.—If the young girl and her mother are both against you, and the young girl flirts into the bargain, we consider your case a desperate one, and congratulate you that it *is* so. You could never be happy with such a heartless creature for your wife.

W. G. B.—Where there are two ladies together and you wish only the society of *one* at a sleigh-ride, of course you can make a selection if you choose, always remembering that in such a case your attentions have a more *marked* character than if you had invited both.

John.—In New York the wages of mechanics have not yet returned to the rates at which they stood before the panic of 1857. The tendency now is toward increase, but many carpenters are still very glad to work for $1 50 a day.

T. O.—If a young lady declines shaking hands with you when you offer yours, and yet shakes hands with your companion, you should take the hint, and not offer it again, nor make any attempt to cultivate an acquaintance.

Amicus Prudentiæ is informed that there is no objection to his writing a respectful letter to any lady with whom he wishes an honorable acquaintance.

Stella.—If the young gentleman you speak of had *been* a gentleman he would not have treated you so meanly. The less you have to do with him the better.

M. F. C.—Can any one inform this correspondent of the origin of the expression, "You had better mind your p's and q's?" Don't all speak at once.

P—You can hardly expect us to answer questions which can be solved by referring to almost any almanac.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*